

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

NOW ONLY 12c

HANNA-BARBERA

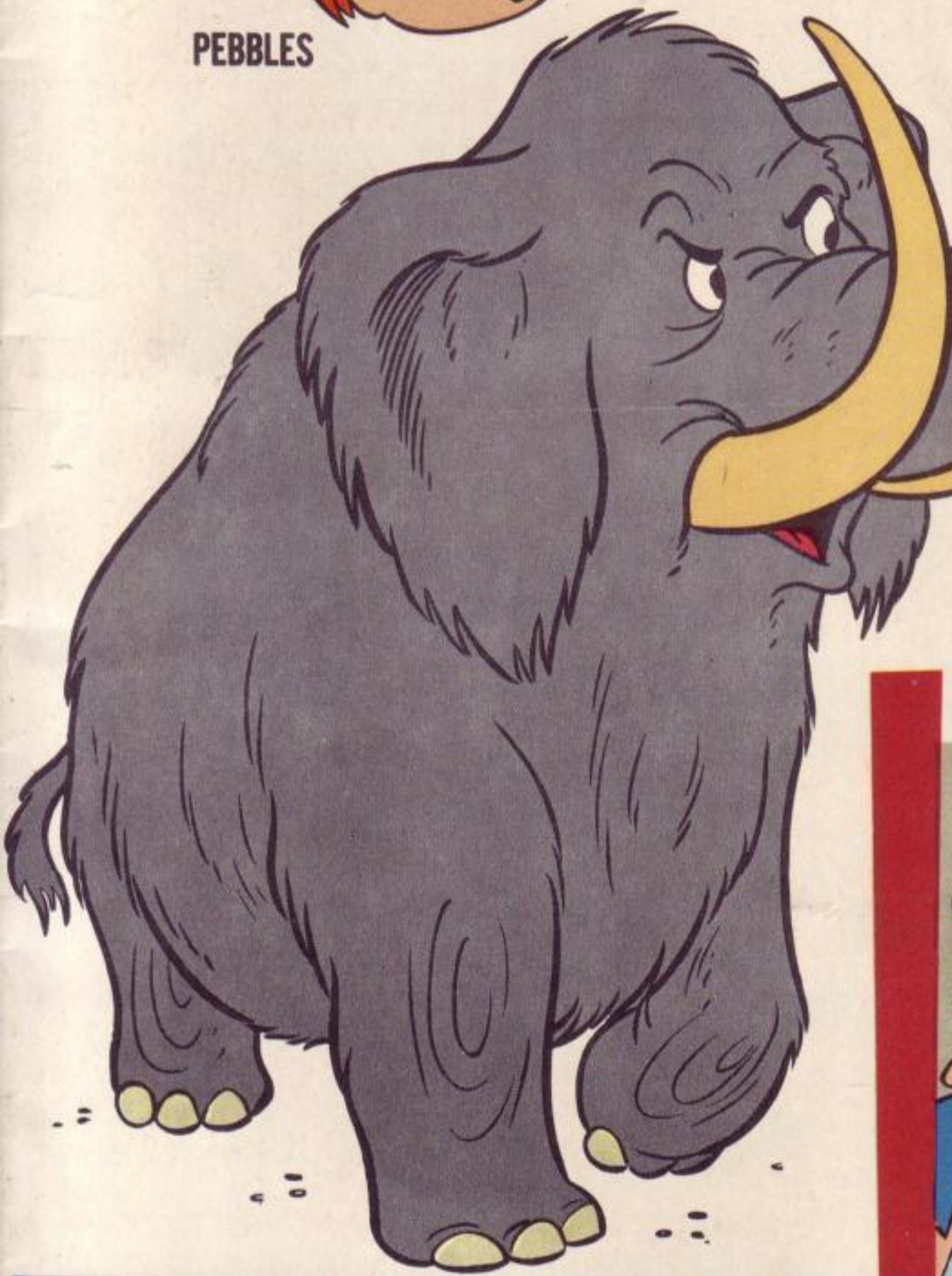
THE FLINTSTONES

10006-309
SEPTEMBER

and PEBBLES AMERICA'S
FAVORITE BABY!



PEBBLES



WHO'S ZOO



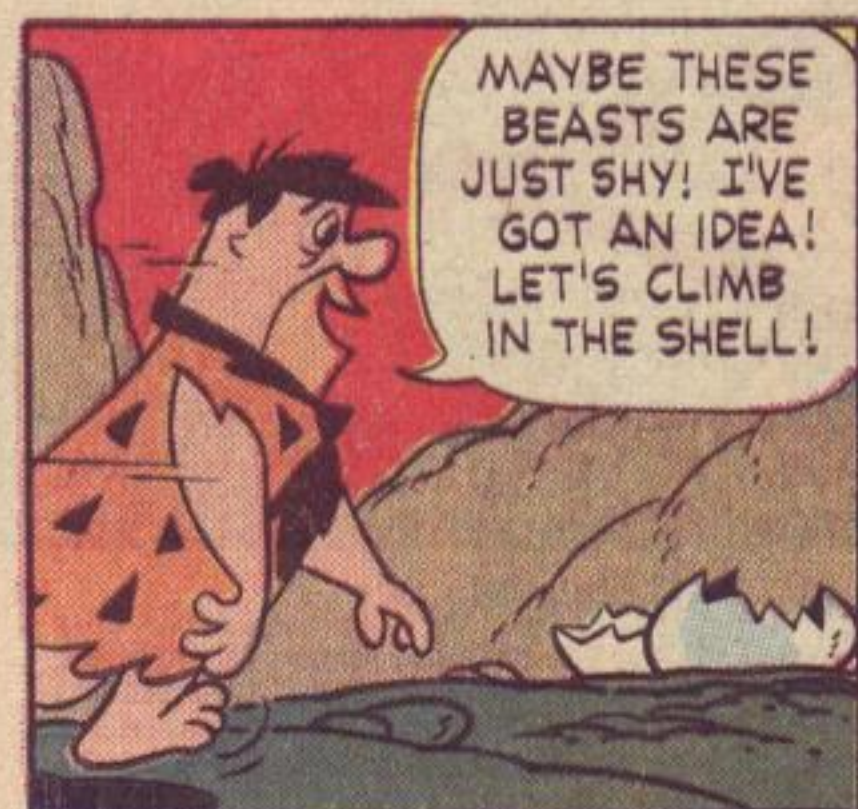
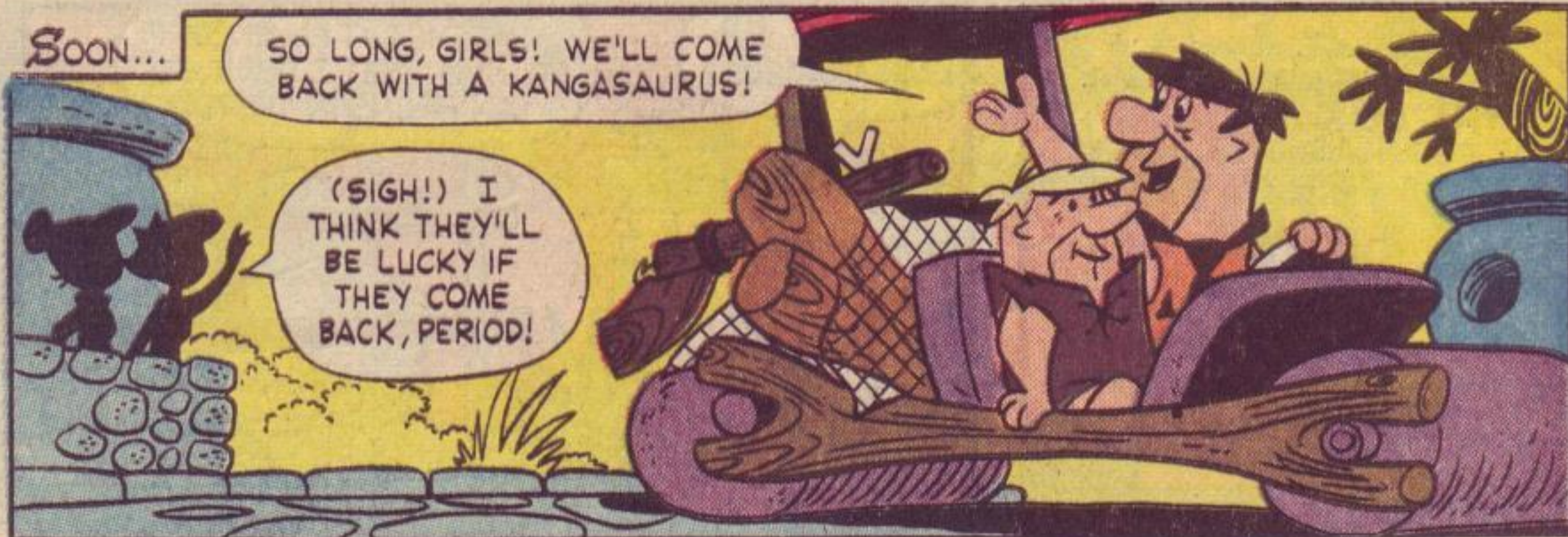
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Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES
WHO'S
ZOO

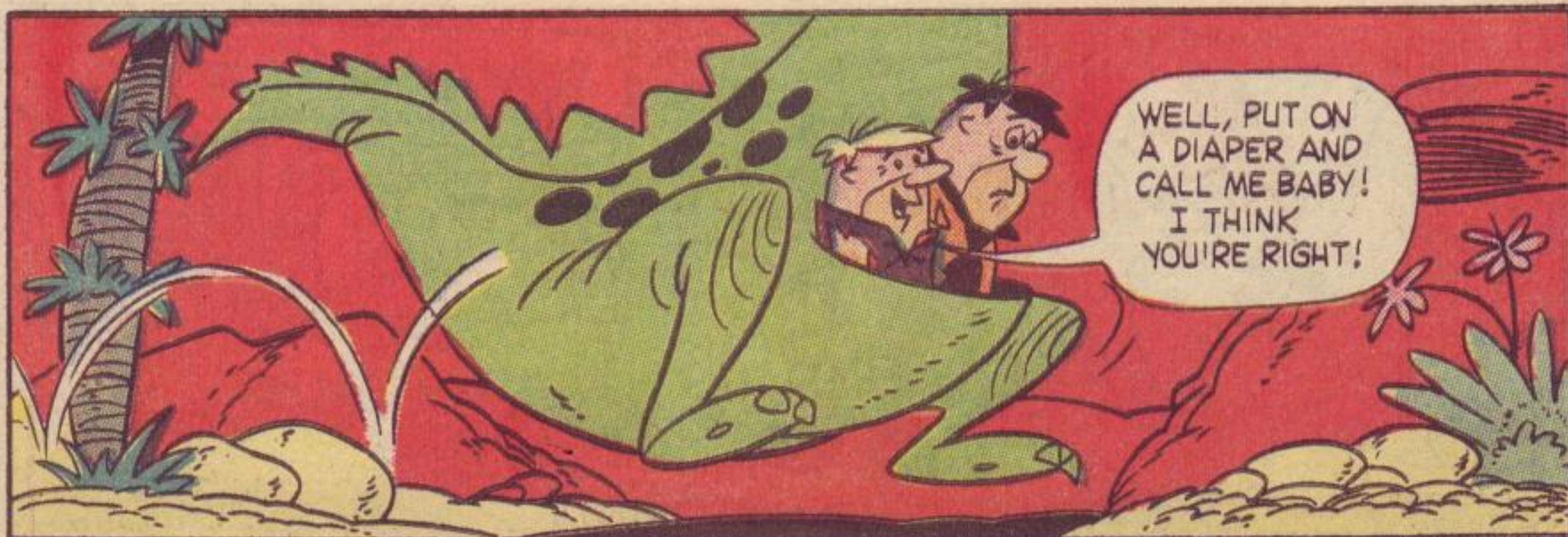
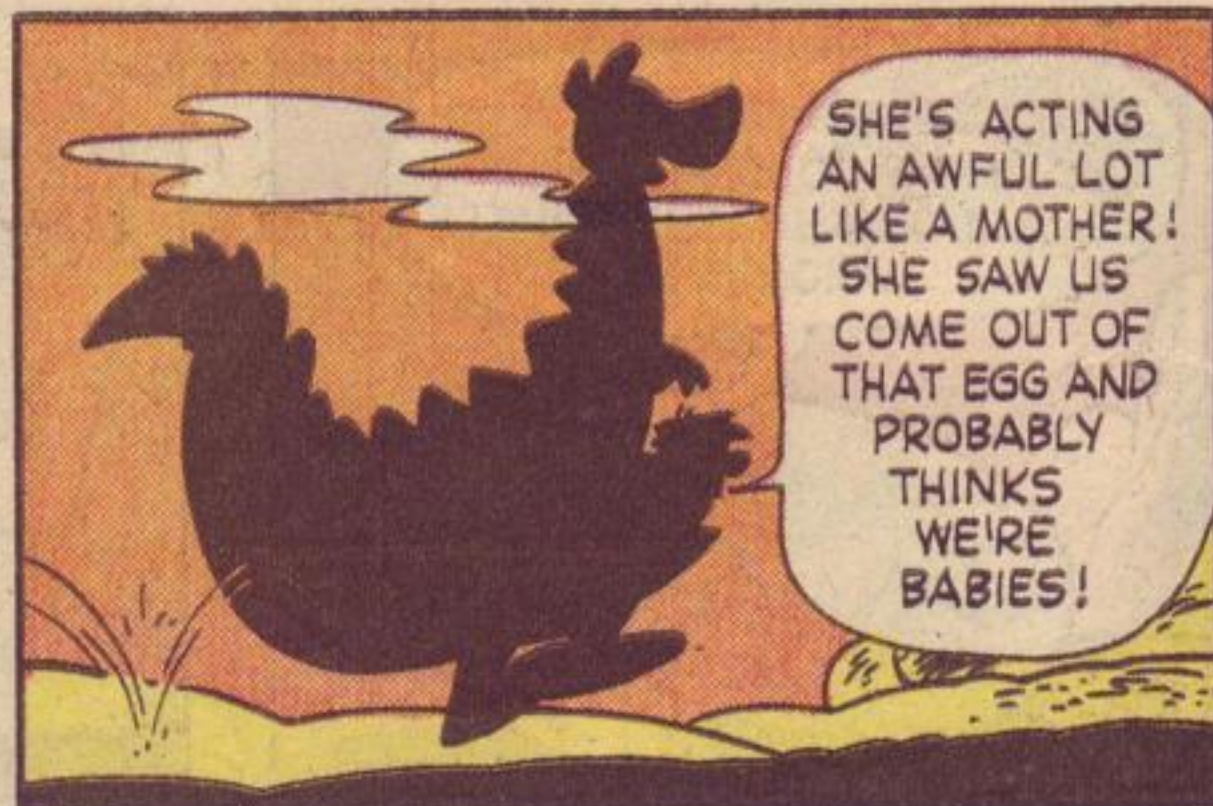
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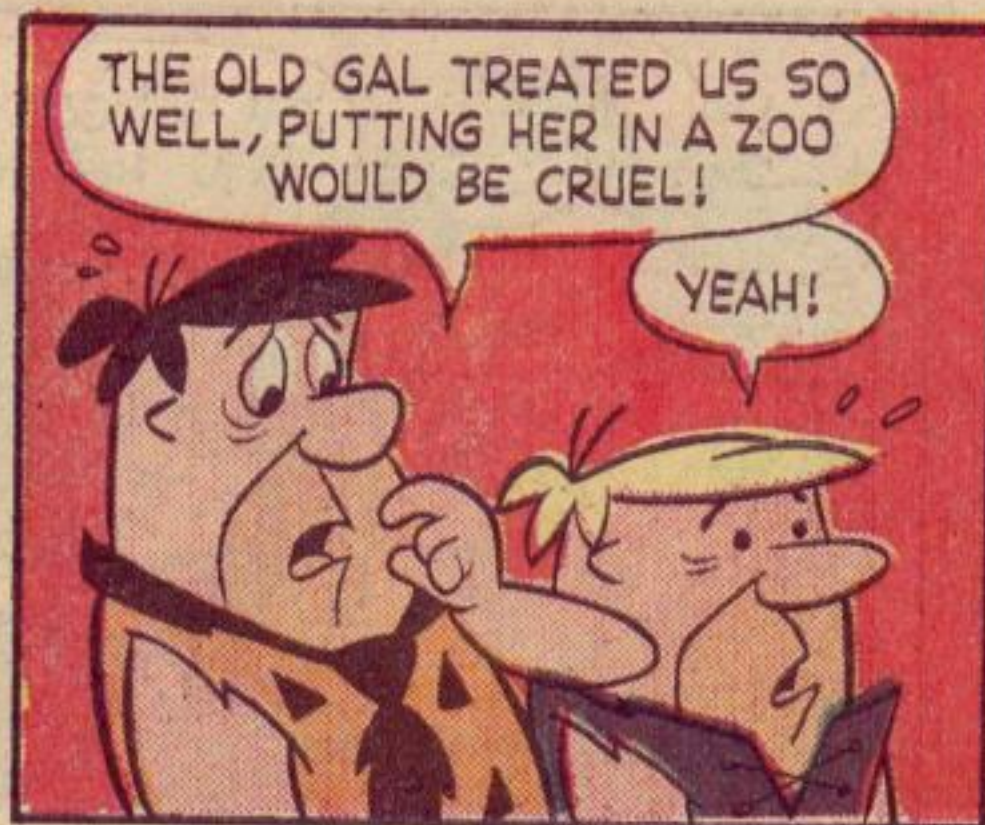
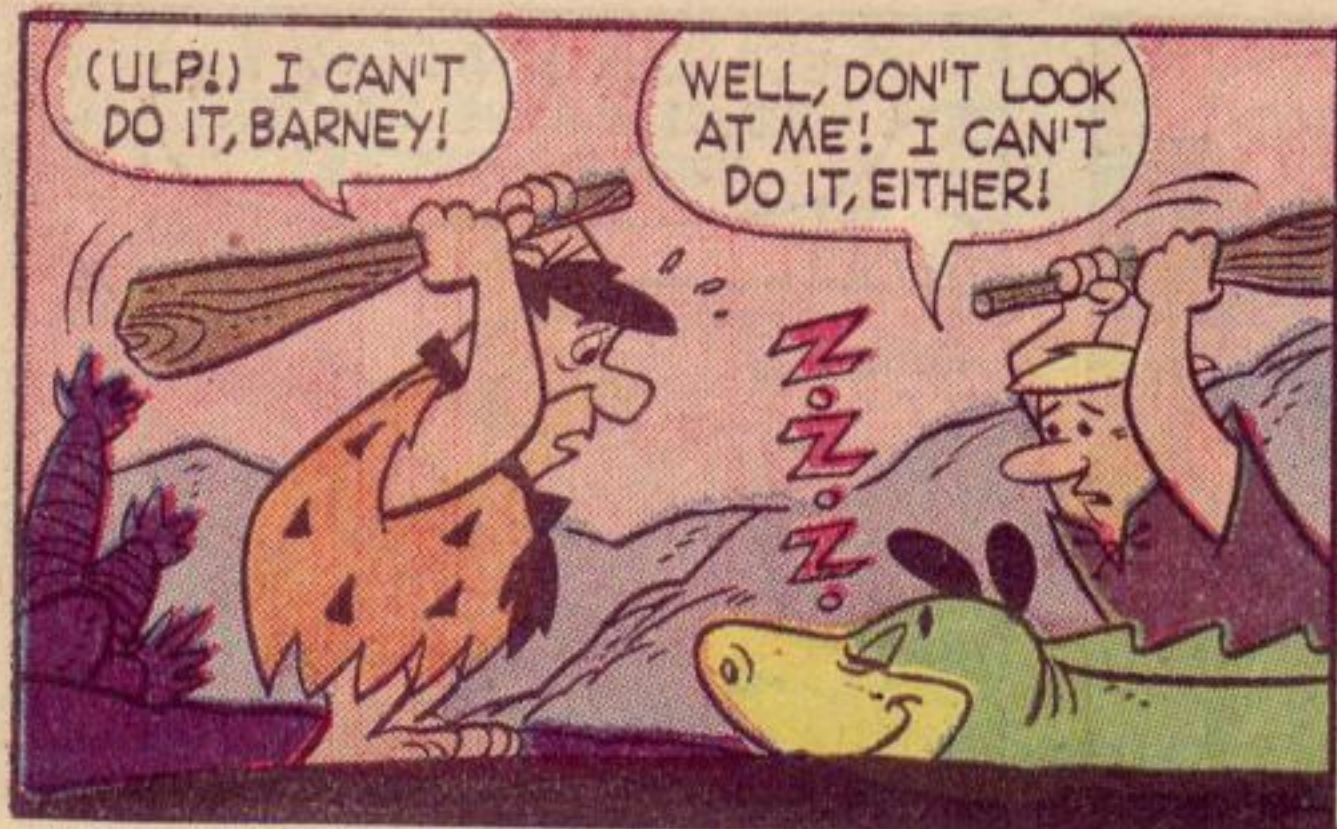


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THE KANGASAUROS, FINDING
HER "BABIES" MISSING, IS ON A
SNIFFING SEARCH FOR THEM...

YIPE! GO HOME!
THE CITY IS NO
PLACE FOR YOU!



I'M NOT GOING BACK
INTO THAT POUCH
AGAIN!



GET YOUR GUN, DEAR! A
WILD ANIMAL IS ATTACKING
FRED FLINTSTONE!

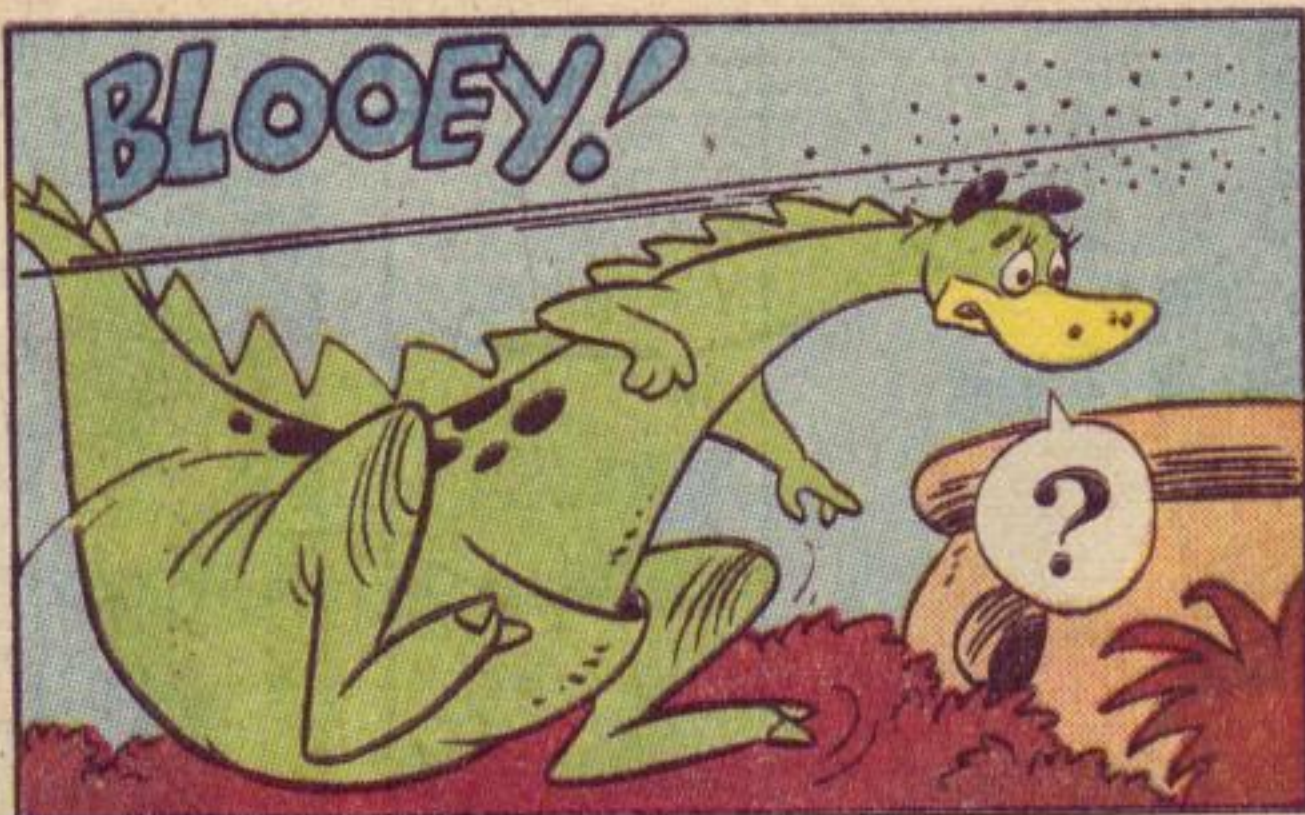
GOOD!



HURRY UP! JUST BECAUSE HE
NEVER RETURNED OUR LAWN-
MOWER IS NO EXCUSE NOT TO
HELP!



BLOOEY!



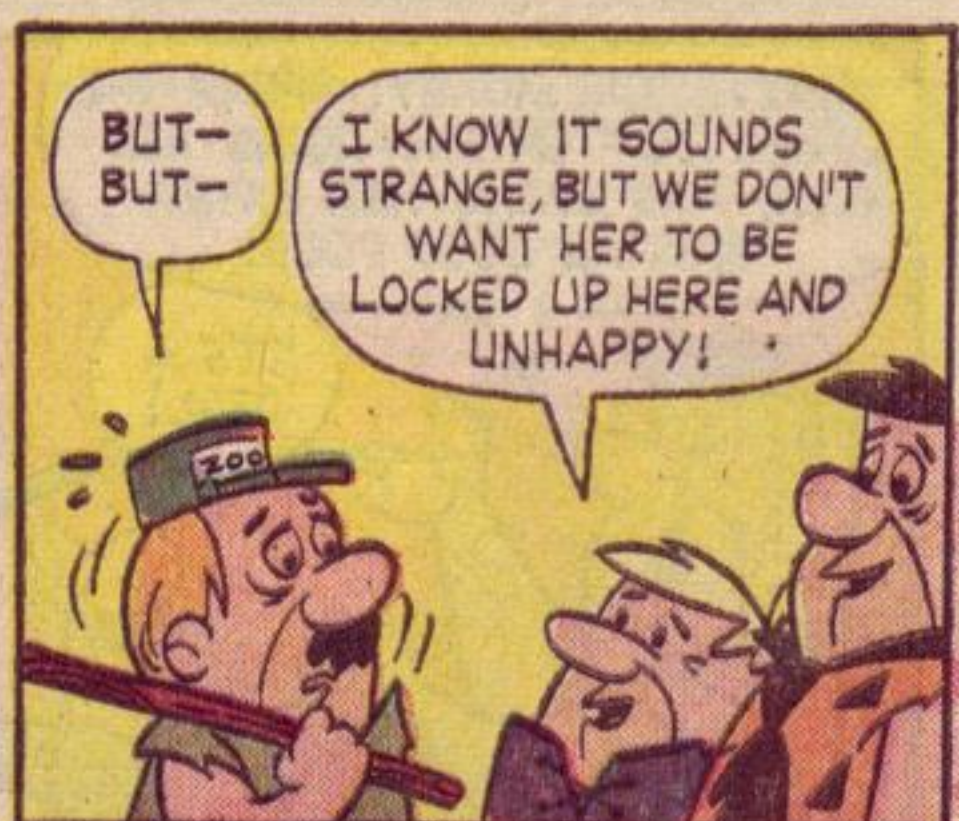
QUIT SHOOTING
AT HER!



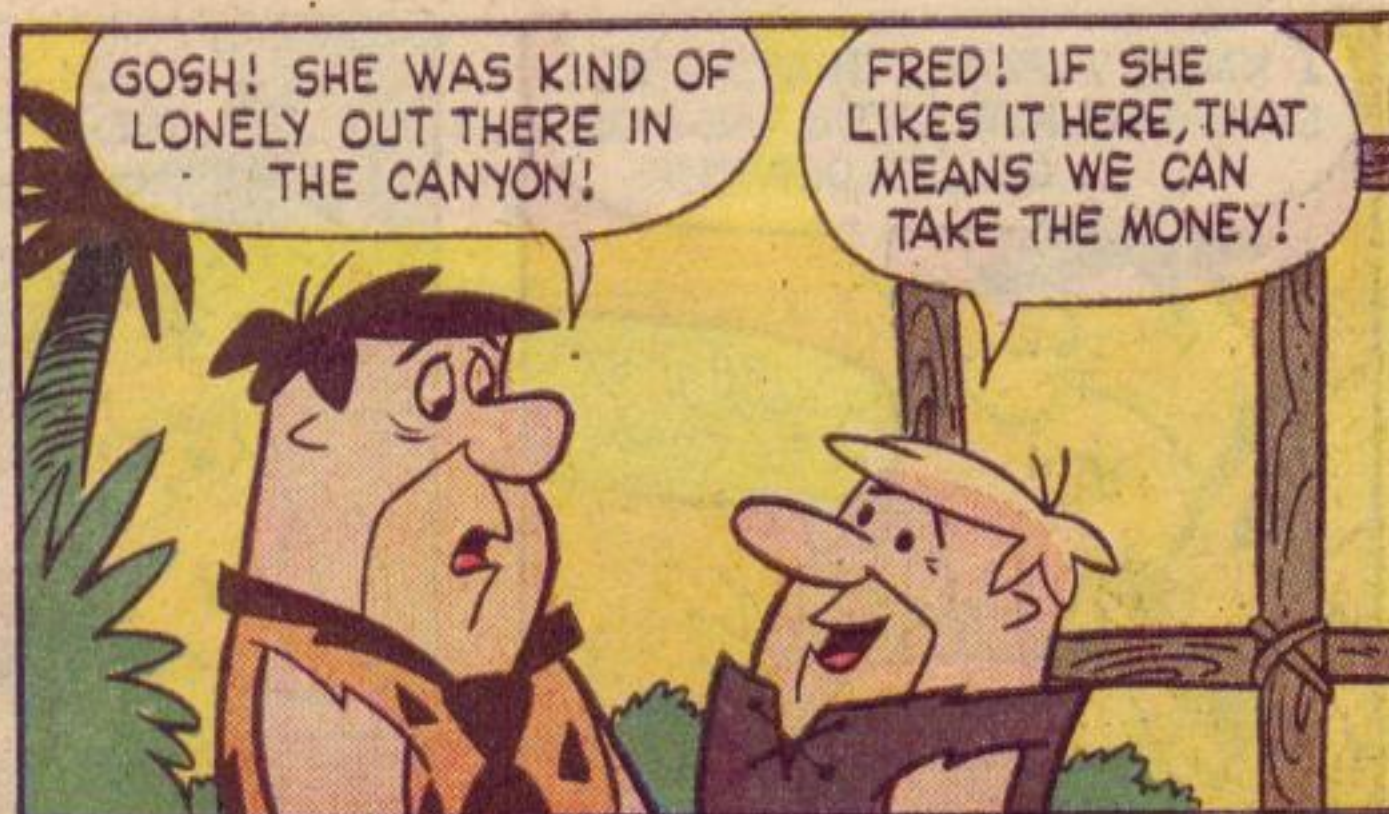
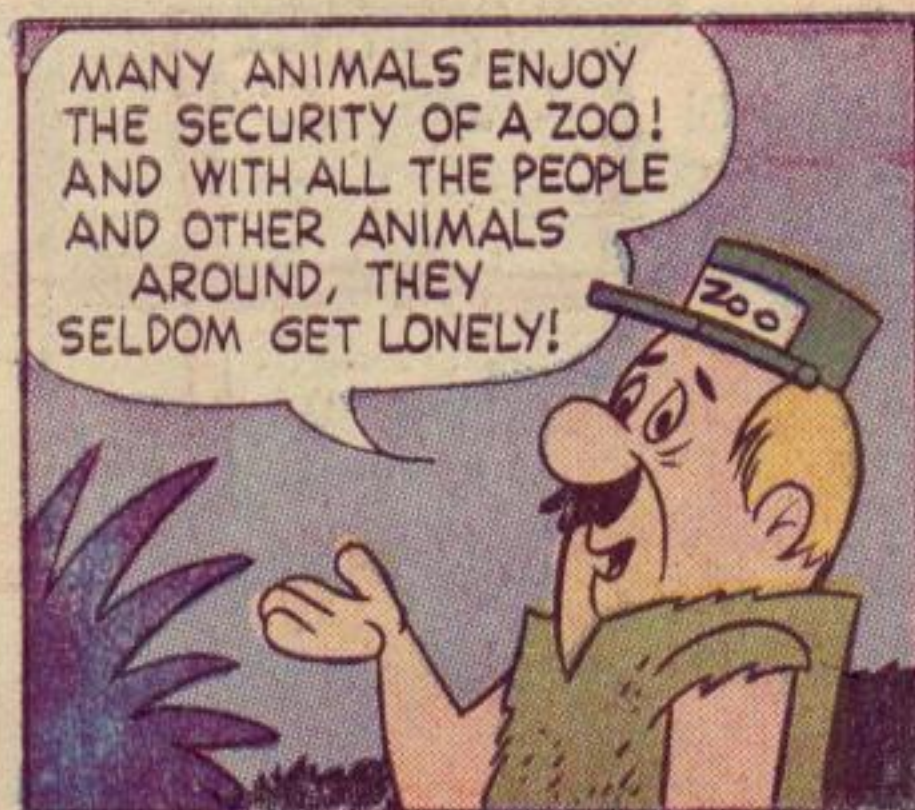
COME ON! WE HAVE TO GET HER
SAFELY OUT OF TOWN! WE WILL
SNEAK OUT WITHOUT ANYBODY
SEEING HER!



THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK...



AFTER THE CROWD LEAVES...



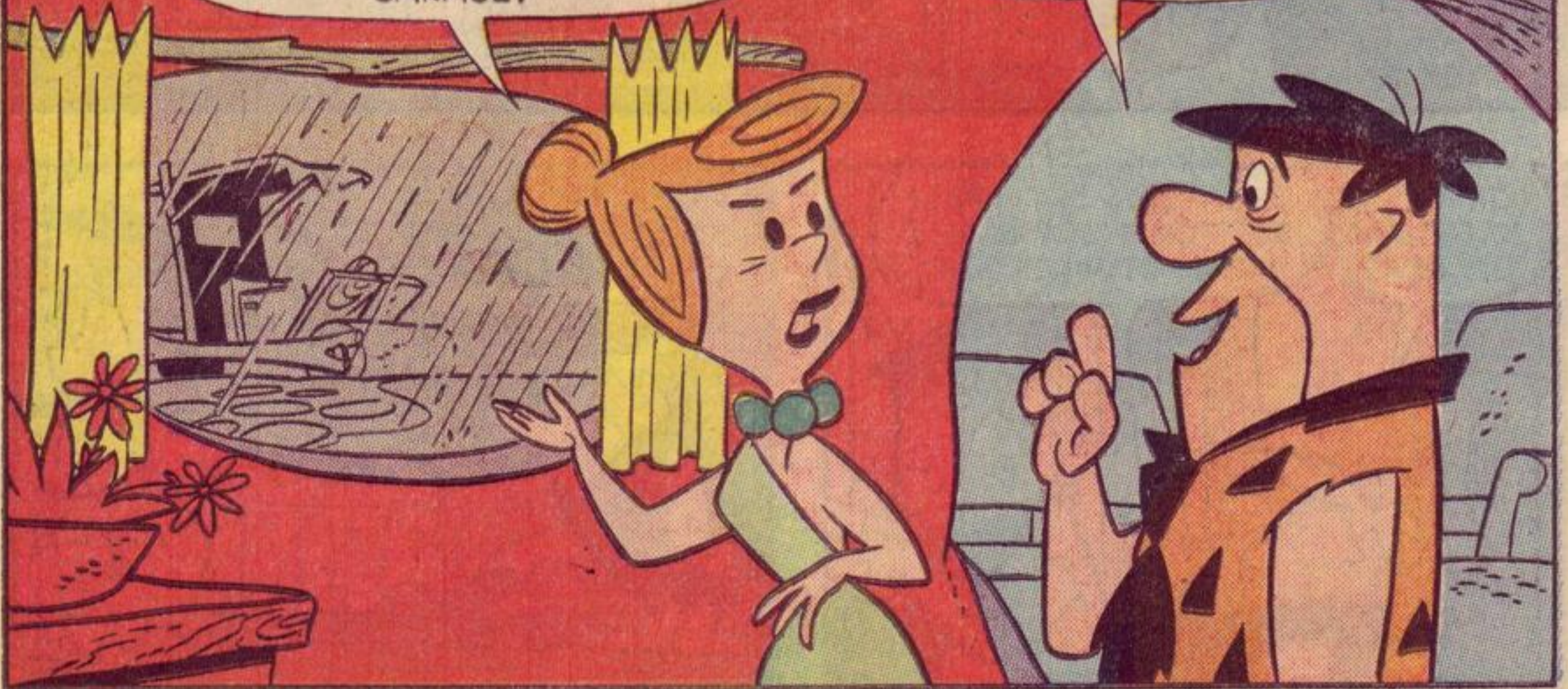
So...



Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
HITTING THE THUMB ON THE NAIL

FRED! EVERY TIME IT RAINS,
OUR CAR LOOKS LIKE A BOAT!
YOU PROMISED TO BUILD A
GARAGE!

I WILL, WILMA!
FIRST SUNNY DAY
THAT COMES ALONG!

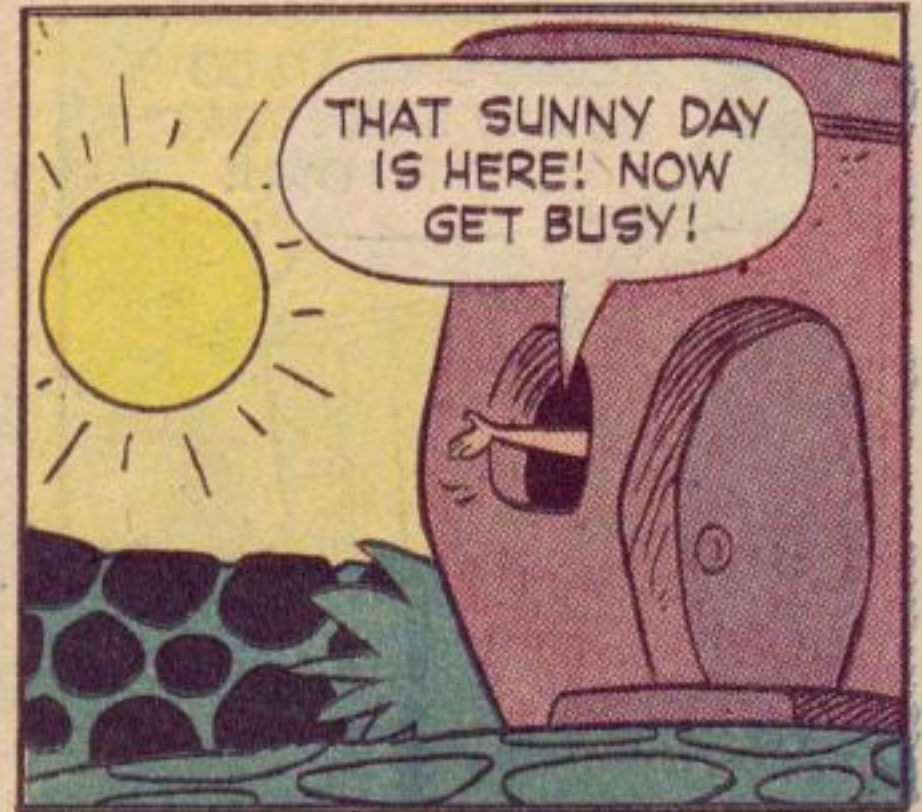


HEH-HEH! AND BY THAT
TIME, WILMA WILL HAVE
FORGOTTEN!

OH,
FRED...



THAT SUNNY DAY
IS HERE! NOW
GET BUSY!



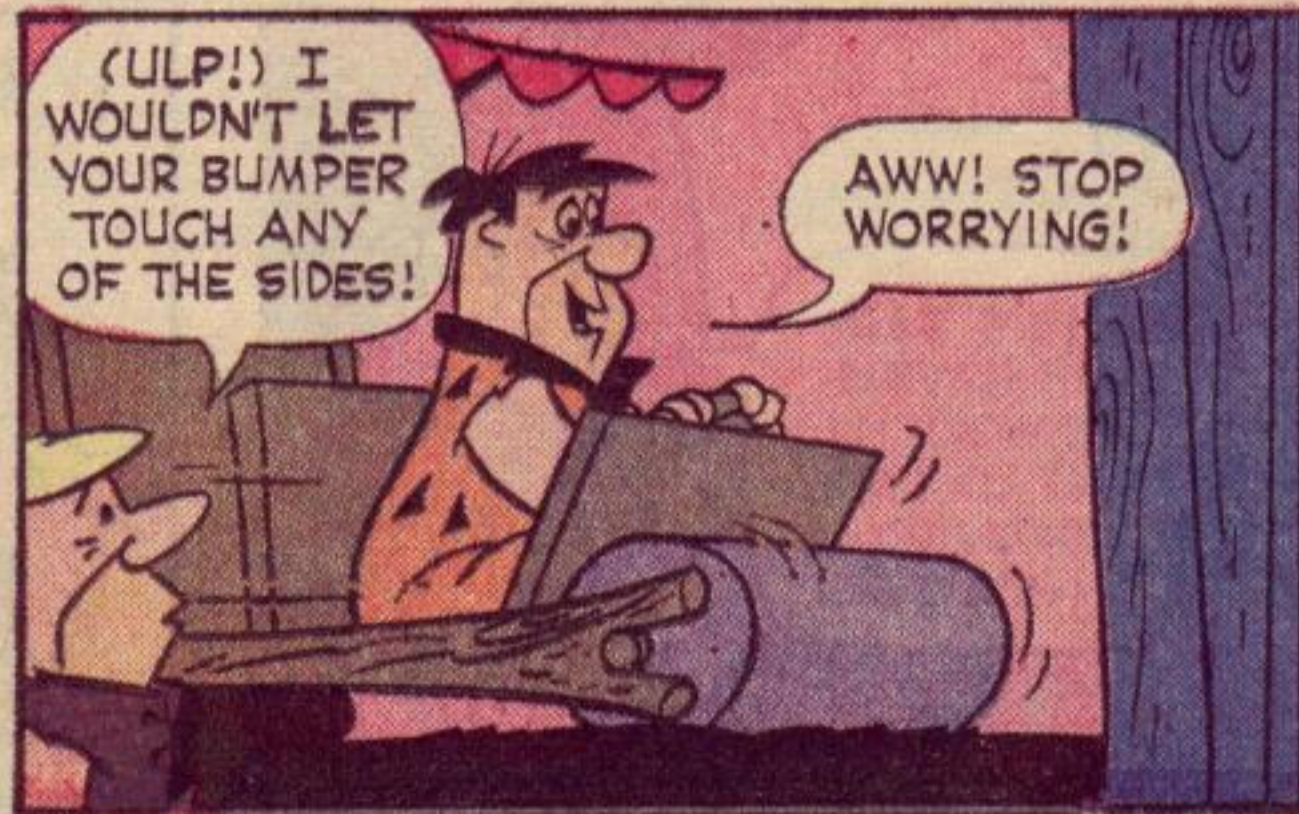
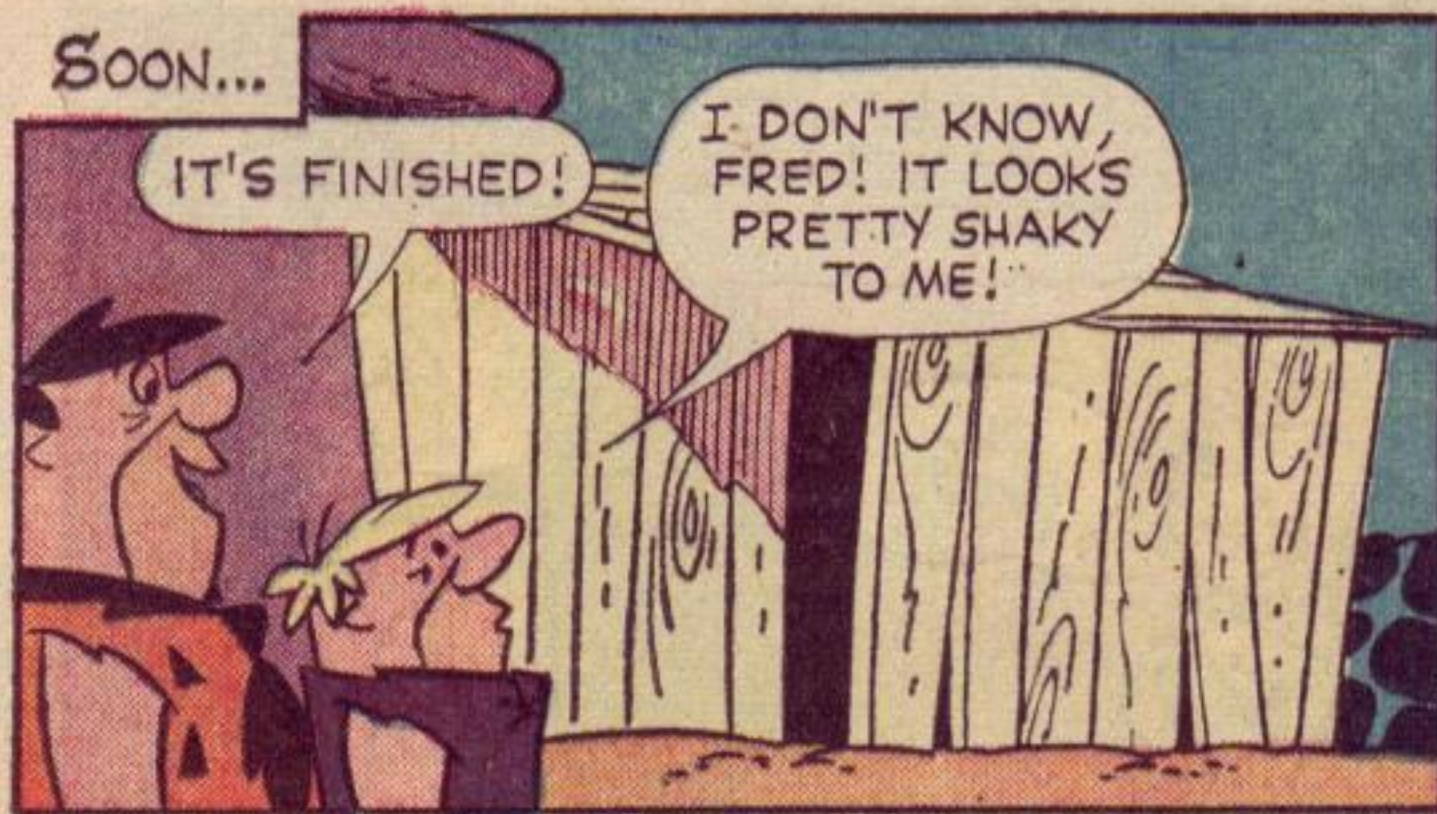
BAH! IT'S BAD
ENOUGH HAVING
A WIFE WORKING
AGAINST YOU! NOW
THE *WEATHERMAN*
IS ON HER SIDE!

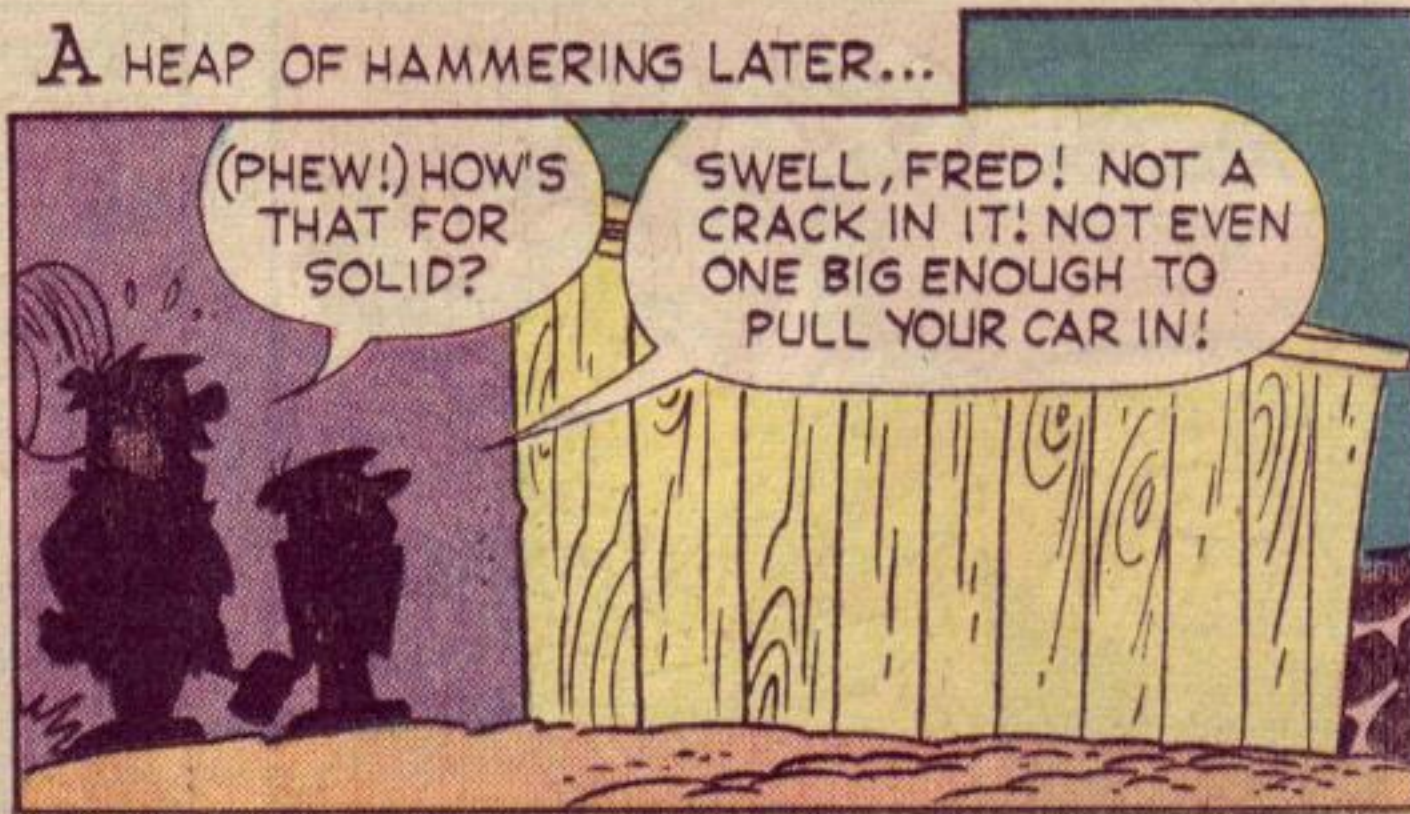


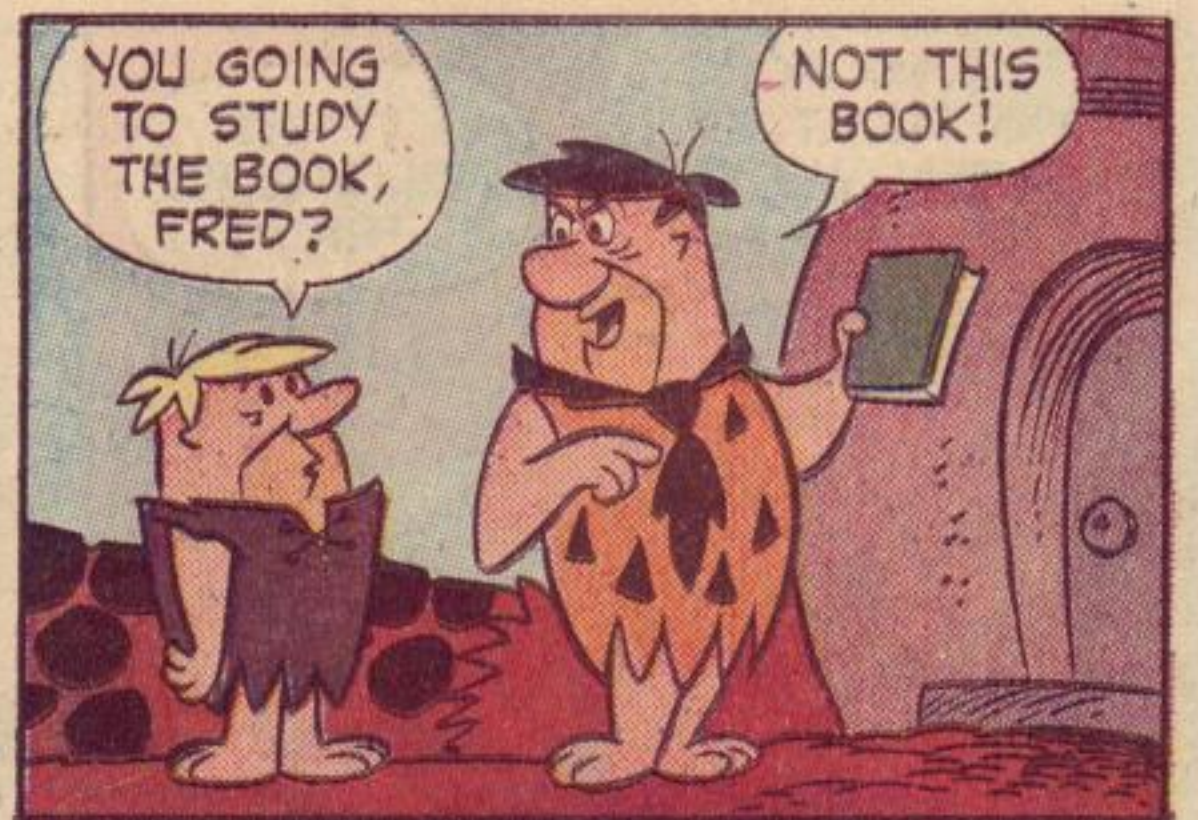
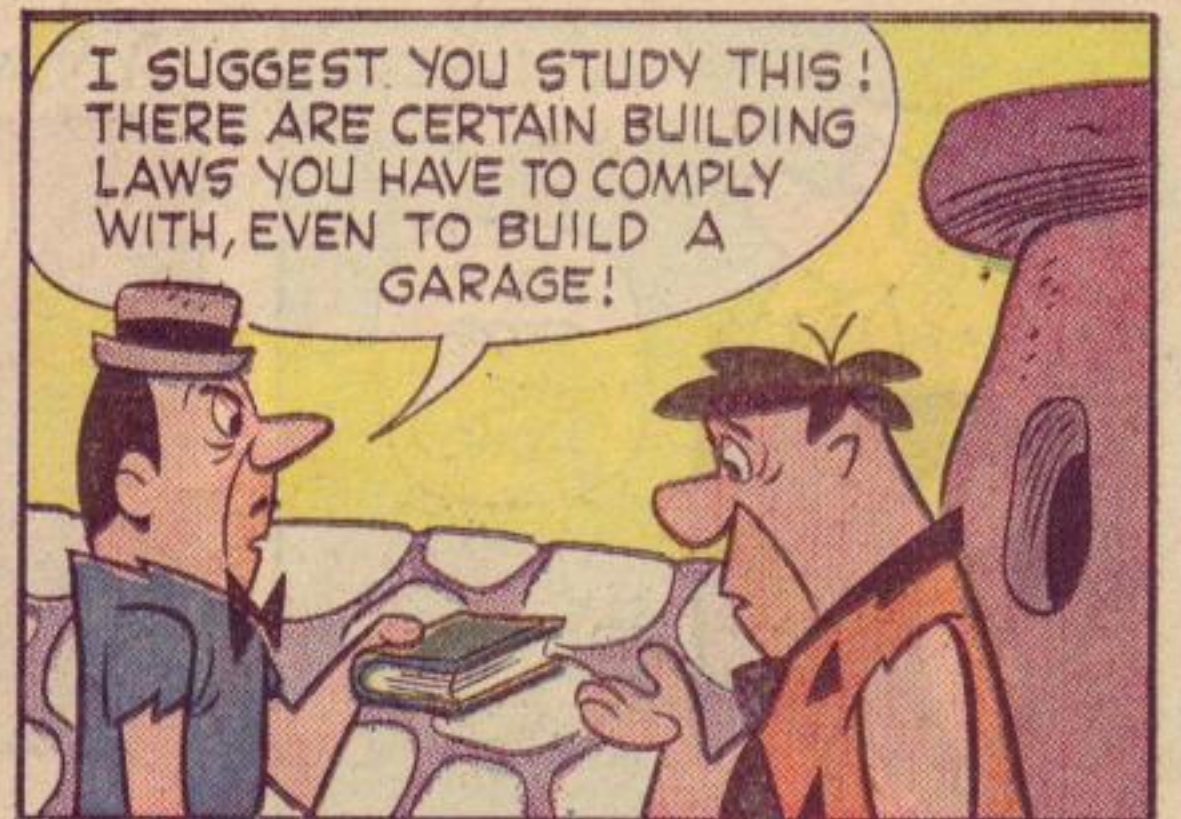
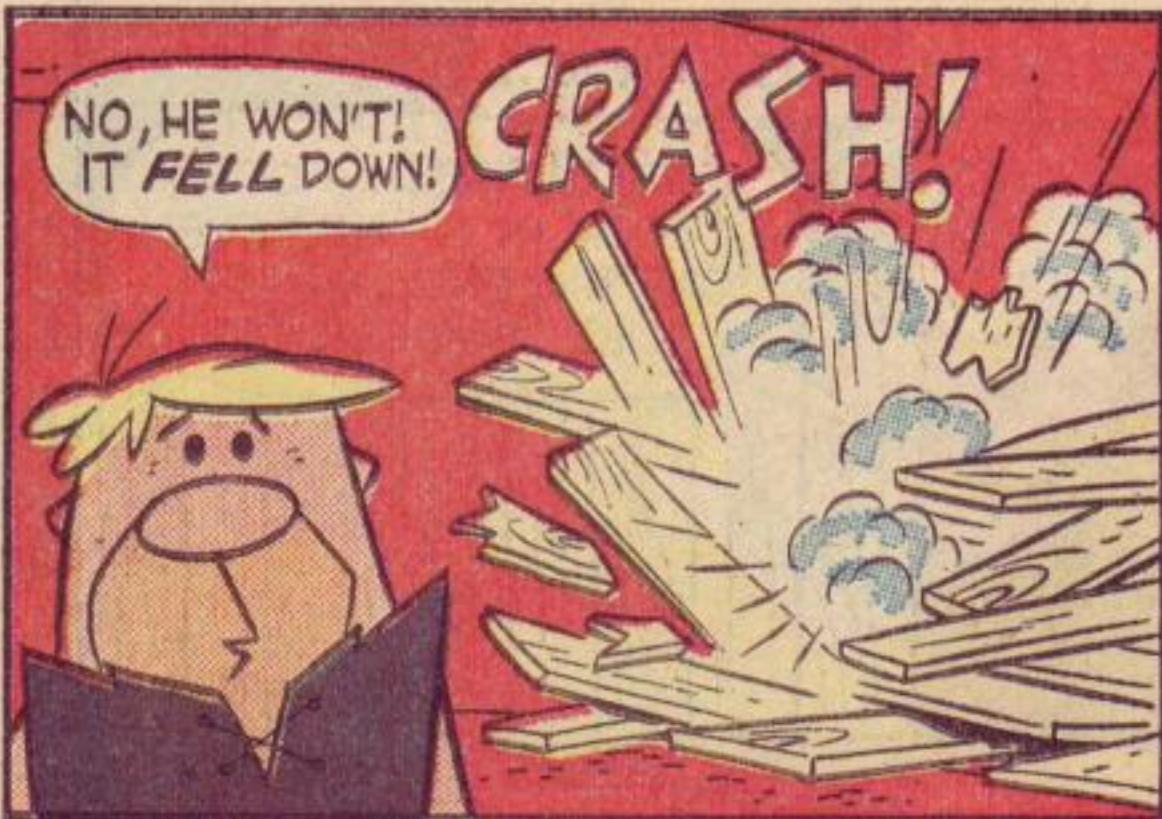
ER... MAYBE WE DO
NEED A GARAGE,
THOUGH! I'LL DRIVE
DOWN AND GET SOME
BUILDING MATERIALS!

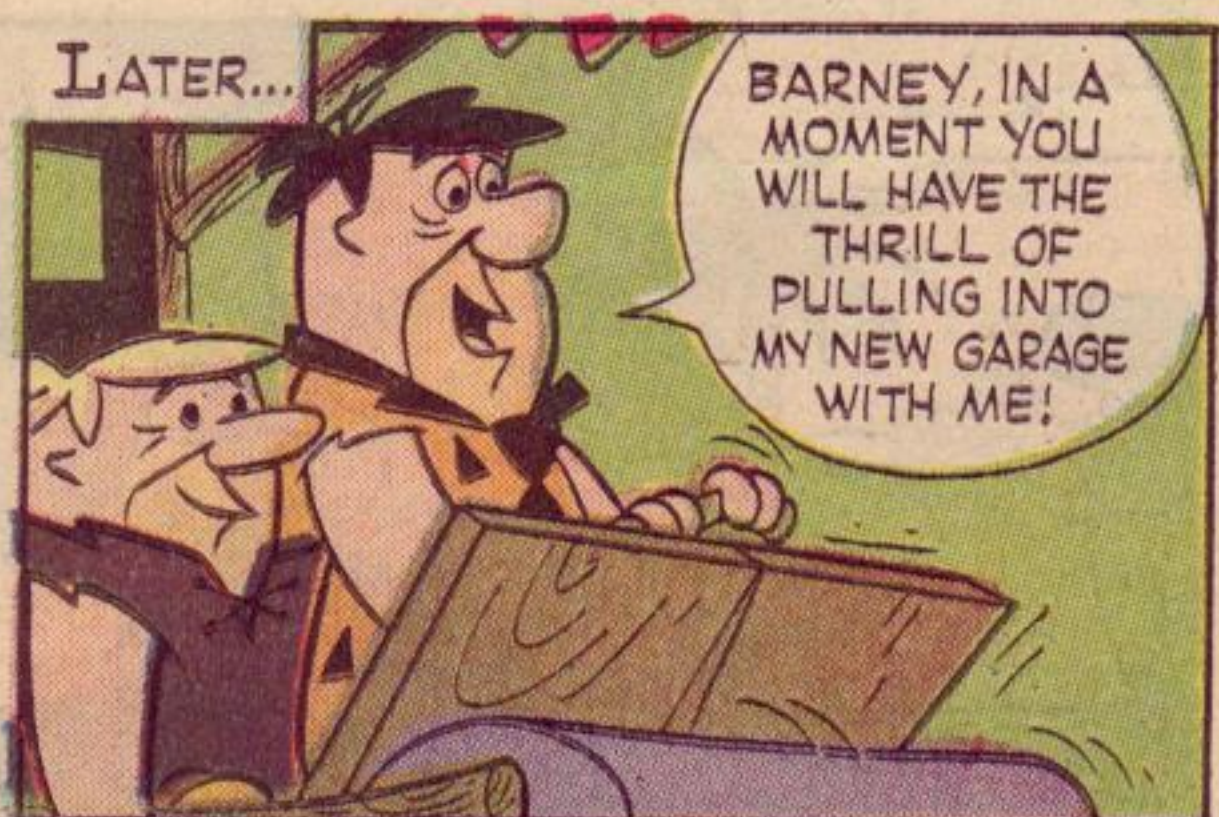
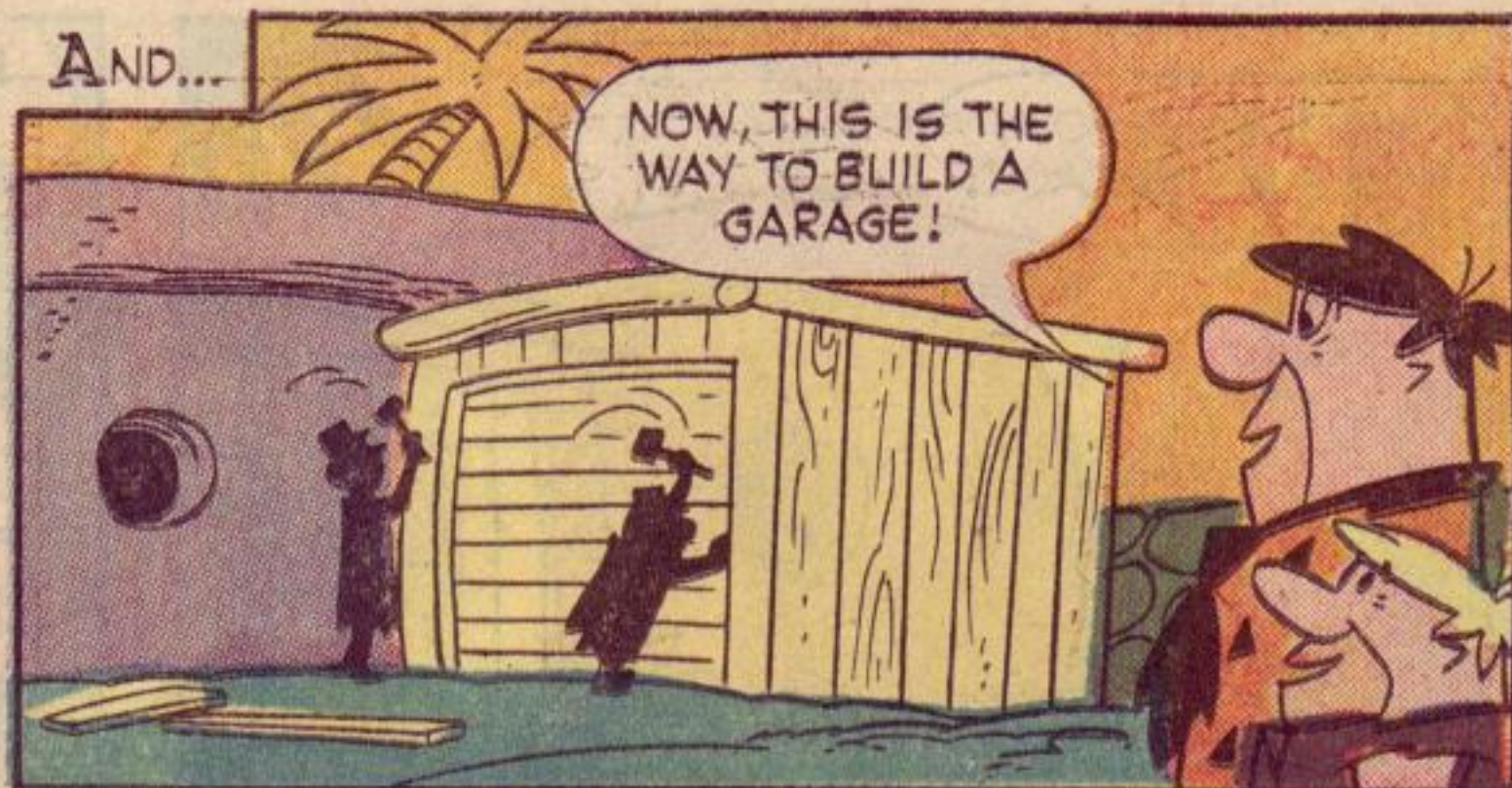


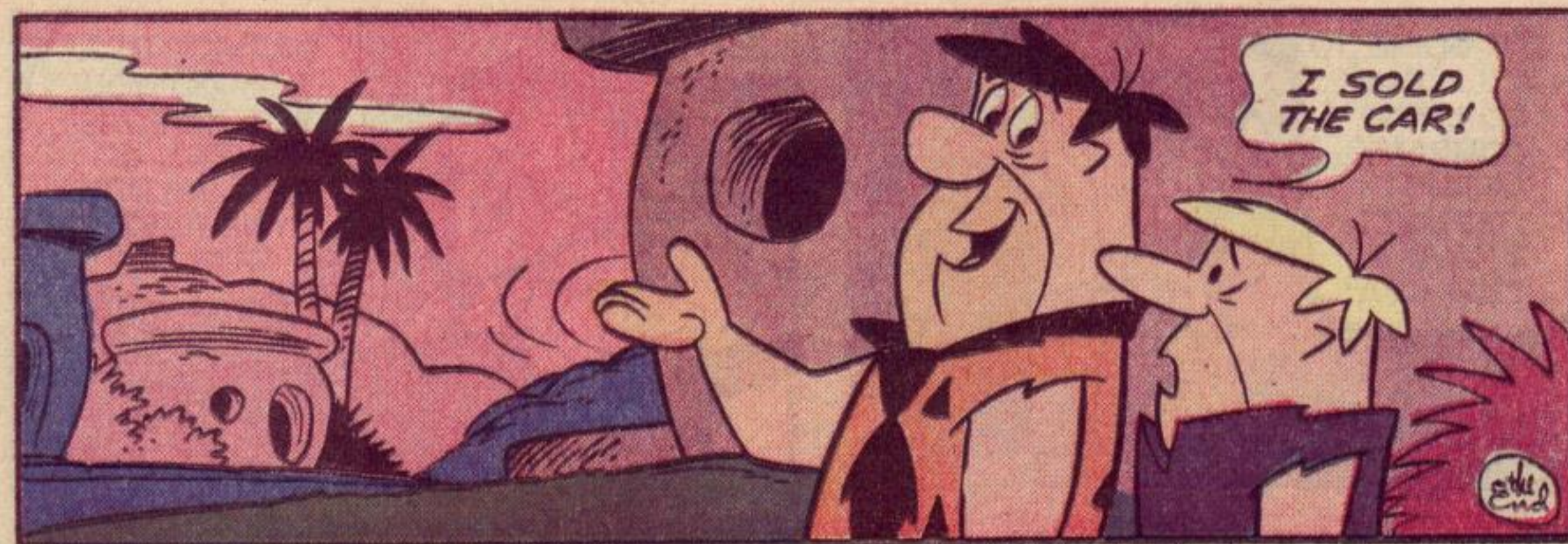
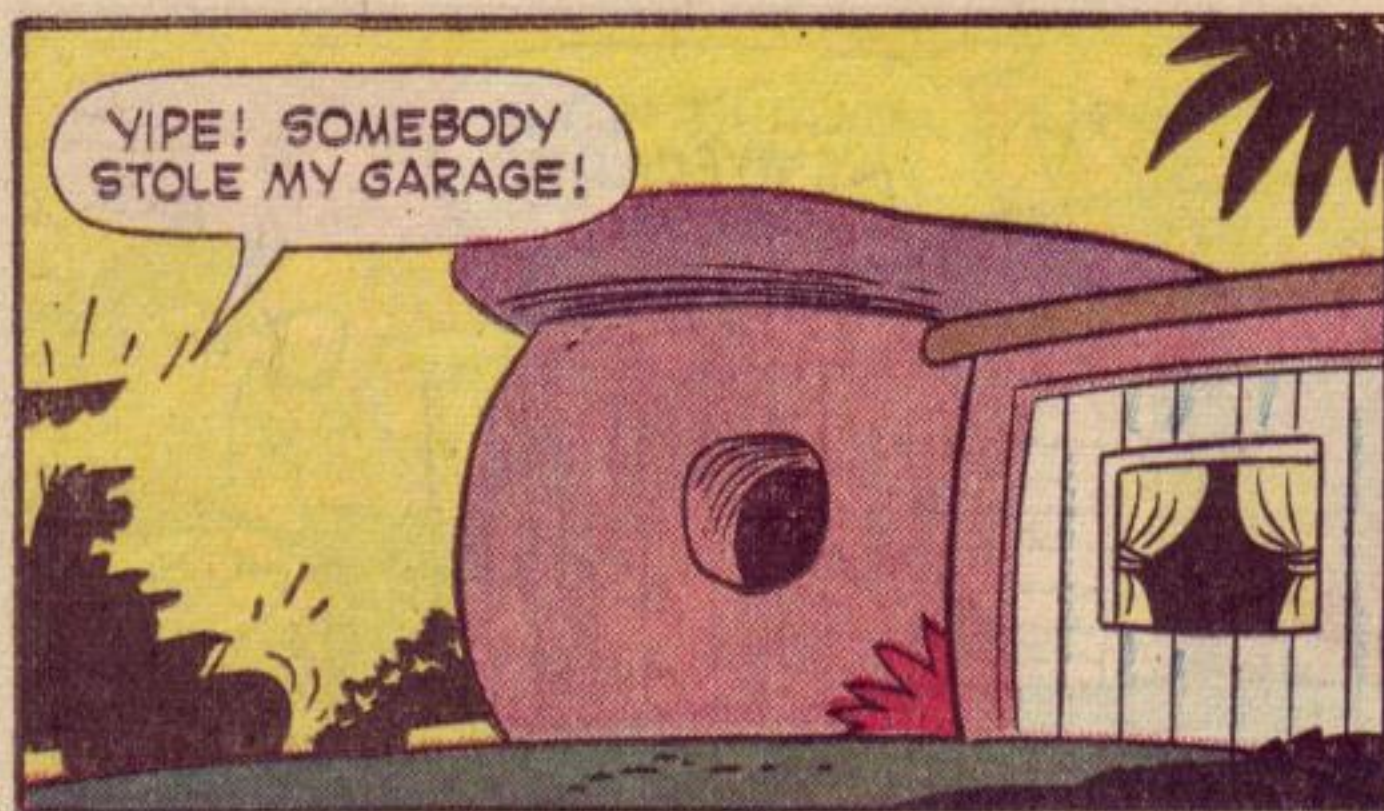
LATER...

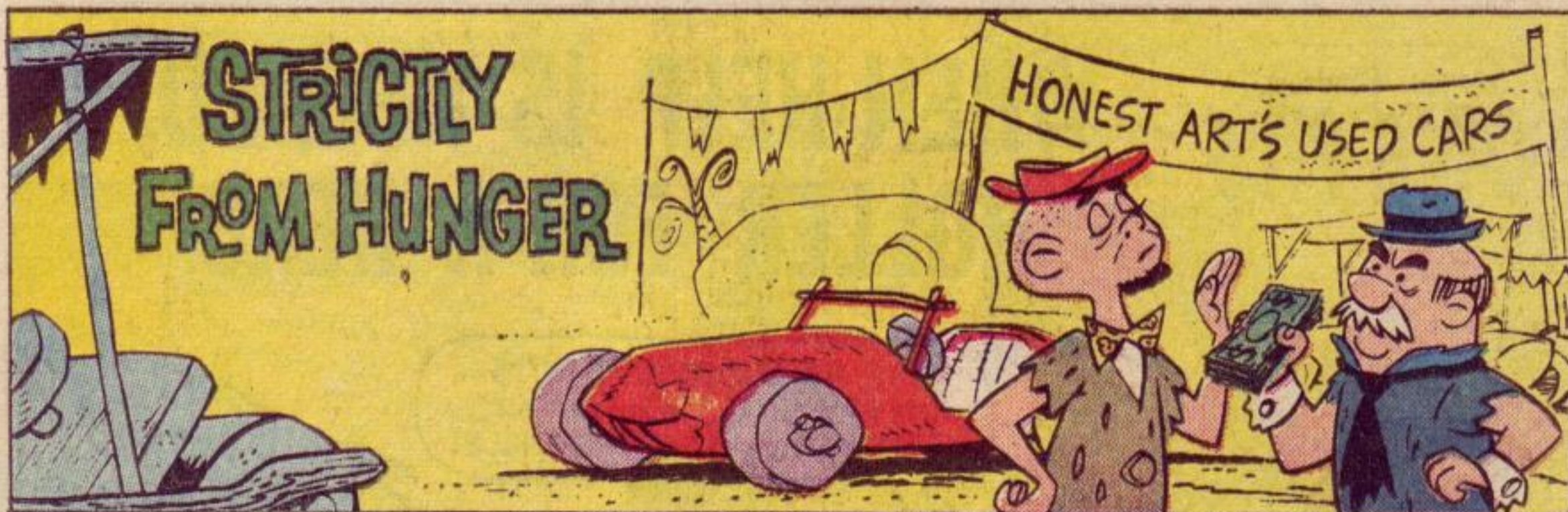












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It was a warm, sunny day as Rodney Rocktop walked down Bedrock's main street. He bent down for a moment to tie his shiny shoe and brush some lint off the pants of his borrowed suit. Straightening his flowered tie, he continued on his way.

Now, at this point I am sure many of our gentle readers are going back to re-read the opening paragraph of our little story. "Rodney wearing a suit and tie?" they are asking themselves. "Could it be true?"

It is true. Rodney, the boy who wore the same faded blue sweatshirt so long that he has a faded blue chest; the boy with the open-soled sandals; the boy who would rather brush with a wild tiger than brush his hair ... Rodney has gone neat!

"Why?" you dear readers cry in anguish. I will answer you, but first I suggest you sit down. (Come to think of it, not many people read a comic book standing up... unless they happen to be on a subway.) Are you ready?

RODNEY HAS A JOB!!!

It won't be easy for you to take this, and it wasn't easy for Rodney to make this horrible step. But he was motivated by something more important than personal pride. It was even more important than his old loyalties and way of life. It was hunger! The Purple Zen Den Coffee House would no longer let him charge his café espressos and beat burgers, and he was forced to look for work.

So our hero walked onto the lot of his new place of employment. A huge banner read, "HONEST ART'S USED CARS." (Don't believe all that you read. The last honest thing Art did was tell his real age in kindergarten.)

"Okay, kid. Are youse ready to go to woik?" Honest Art asked out of the corner of his dishonest mouth.

"Affirmative, noble purveyor of automotive transport," replied Rodney. "I am convinced that there is a particular conveyance appropriate to the business, social and financial position of every man, woman and teen-ager in this fair city of Bedrock," Rodney rambled on. "And, furthermore, I feel that..."

"Can the gab and sell cars," said Art, with a gentle nudge of his foot at the tail of Rodney's borrowed coat.

Soon, Rodney's first customer came along ... a quiet, little man who was looking at a racy Dino-Soar Eight sports car.

"I do not think you are the type for such a car," Rodney politely informed the man. "That car is for a man with more command and authority and zest for living."

Honest Art came running over in a hurry as he heard Rodney. Imagine telling a customer not to buy a car!

The little man angrily took a wad of bills from his pocket and shoved them at Art.

"No young whippersnapper is going to tell me what I can and can't drive," he fumed. "I'm taking this car and nobody is stopping me!" And with that the little man paid for the sports car and drove off.

"Egad! You've discovered a wonderful selling principle. Tell people they can't have something instead of forcing it on them," said Art, pounding Rodney on the back.

"I will continue to tell the truth," our hero said modestly. "And please don't pound me on the back. It hurts my empty tummy."

But Rodney didn't have an empty tummy for long. His unique selling methods made him a lot of money, and he was able to buy all the best food at the Purple Zen Den.

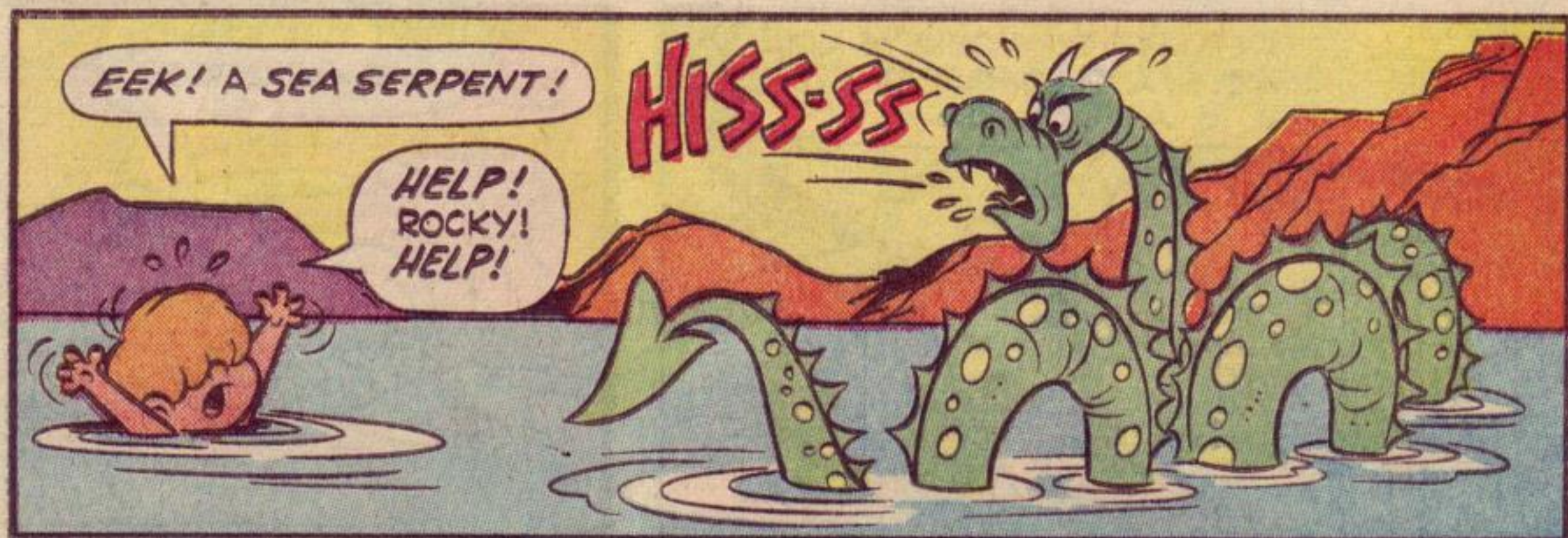
But did all this wealth make him really and truly happy? Like, yeah... it sure did!

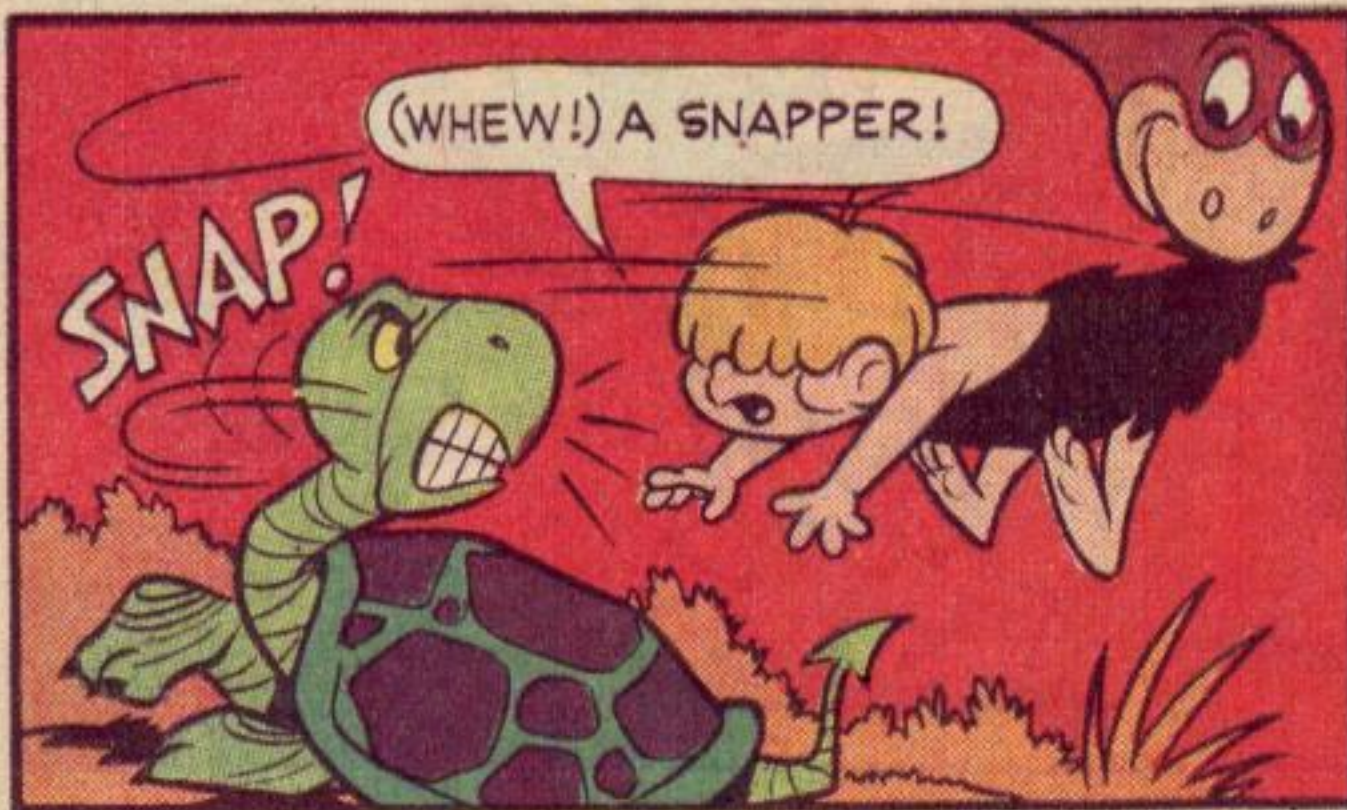
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

WHEN HELP IS NEEDED, HOLLER FOR A HERO

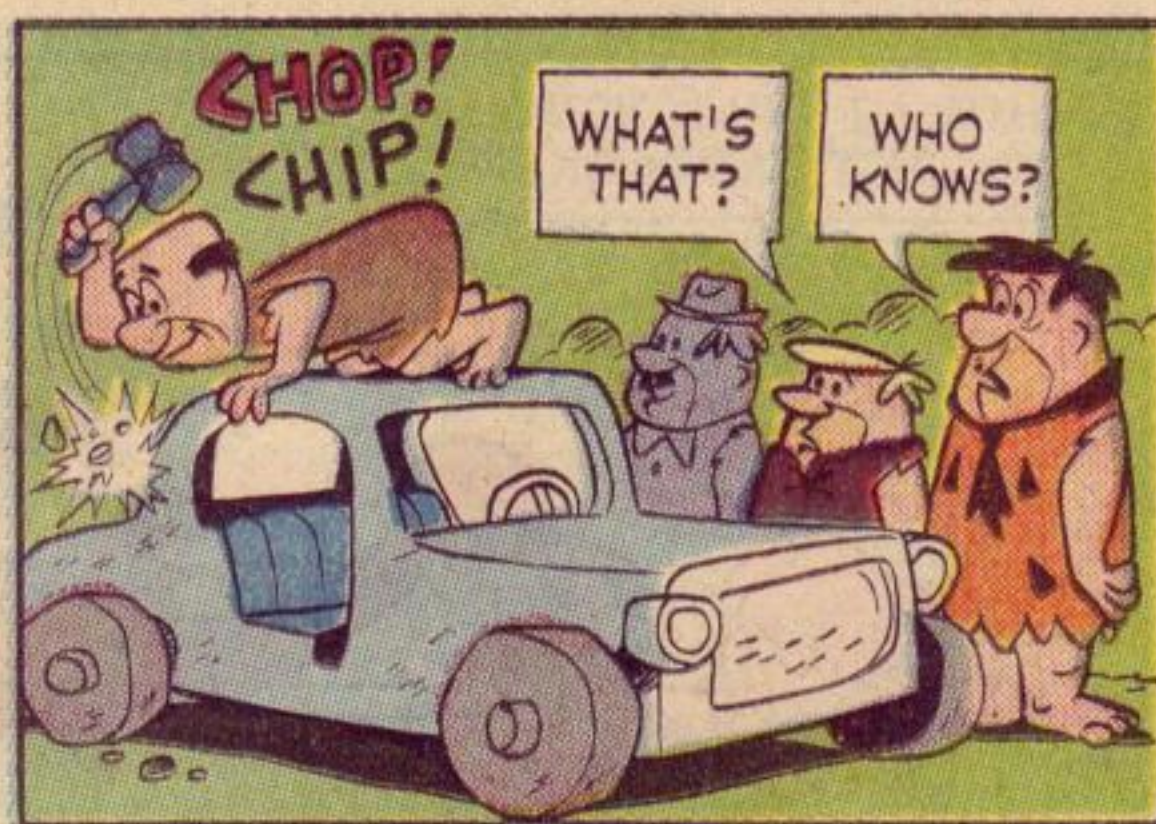
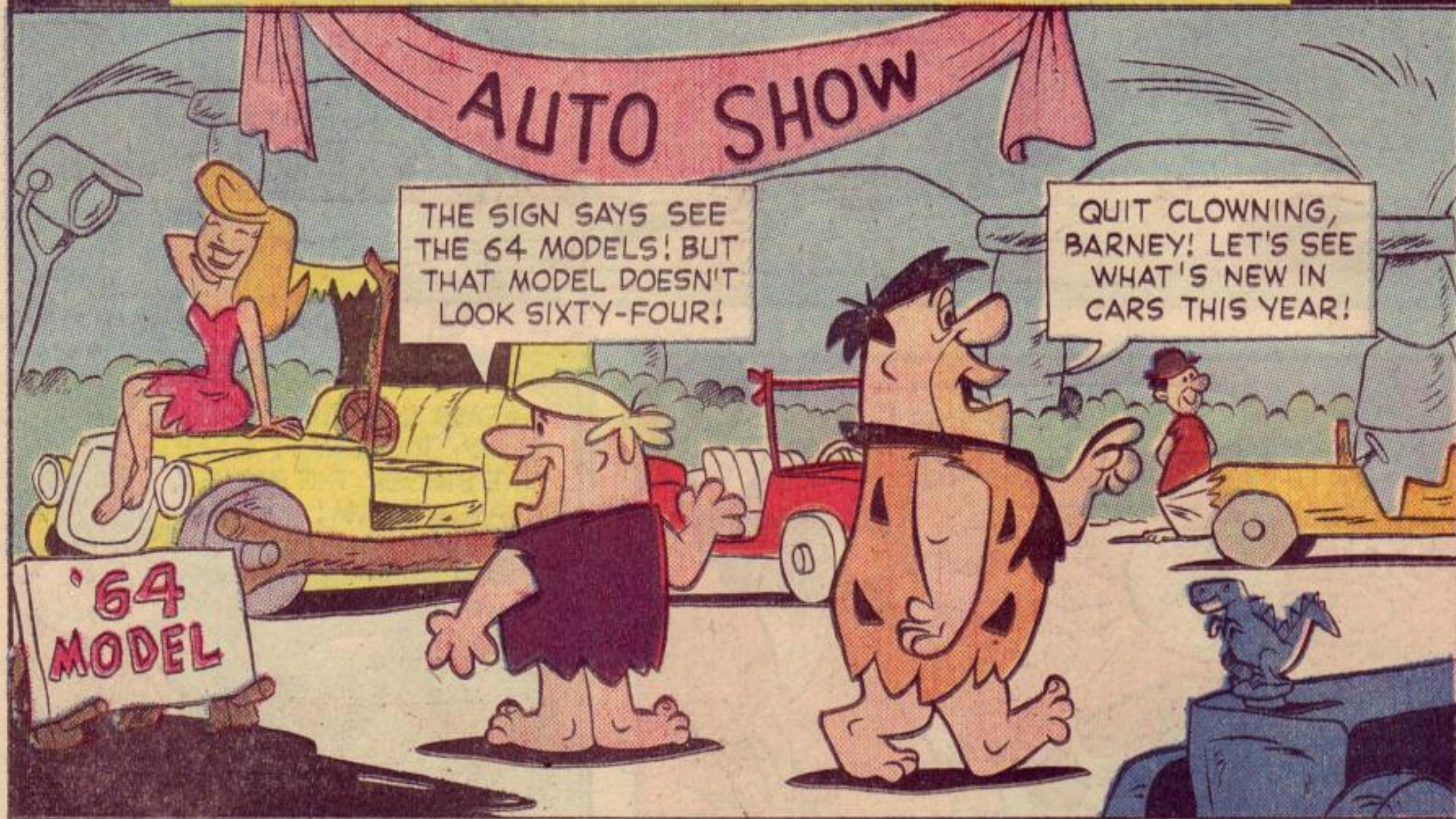




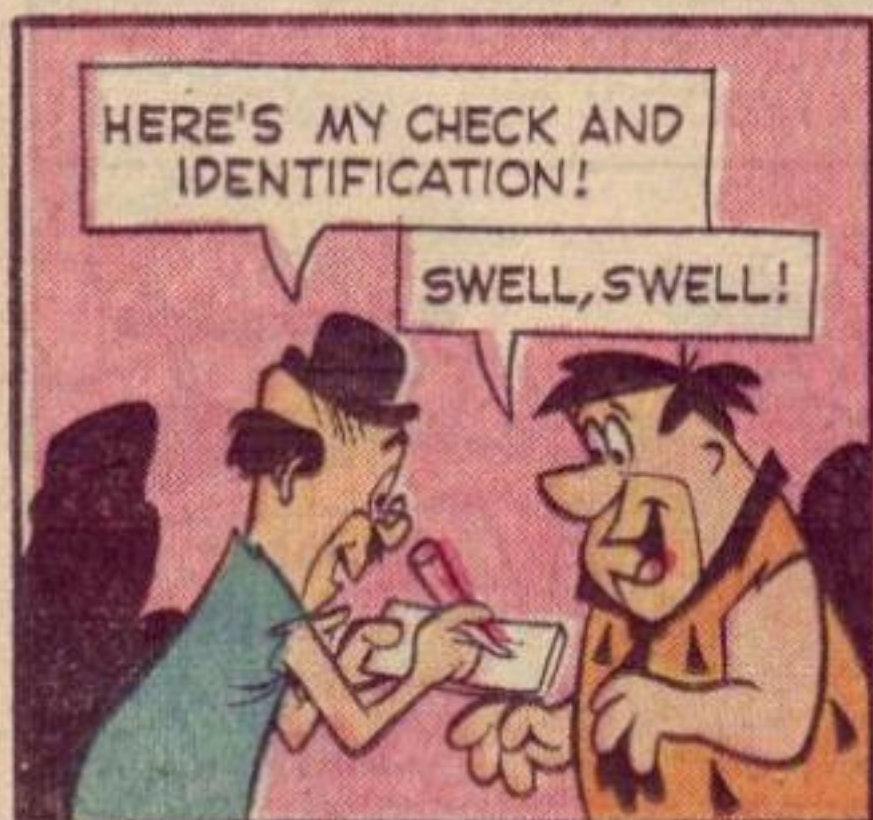


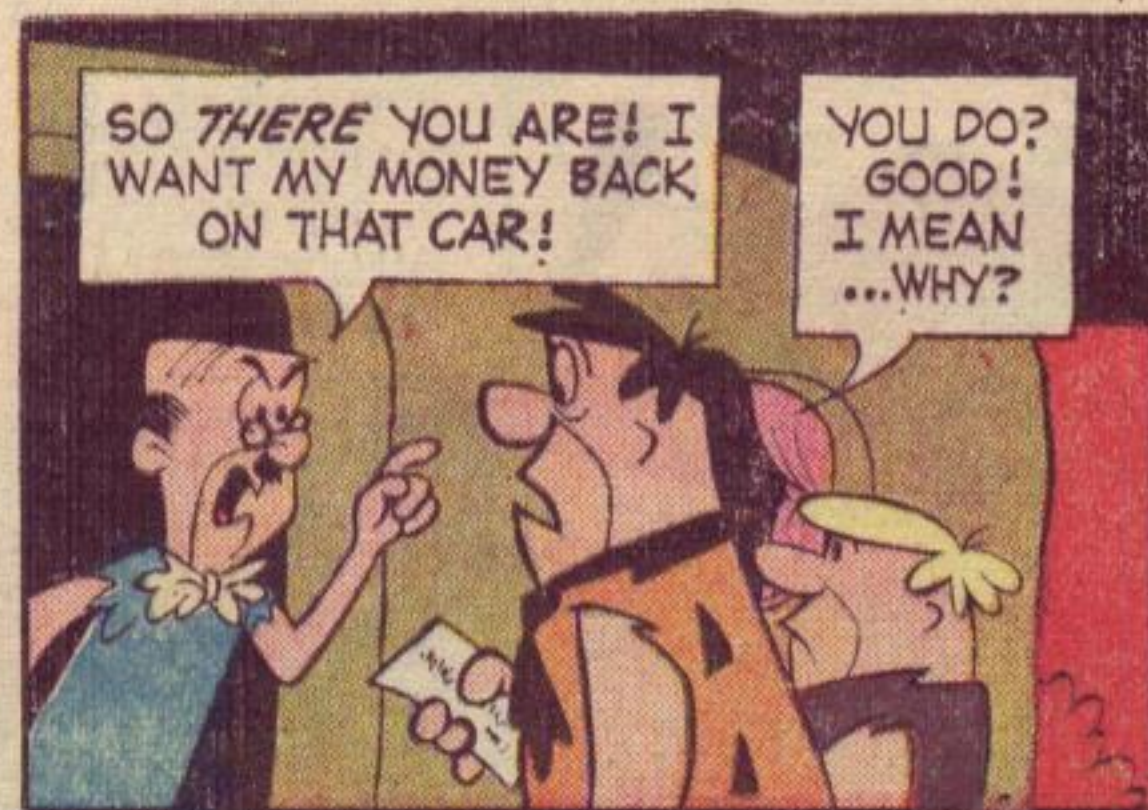
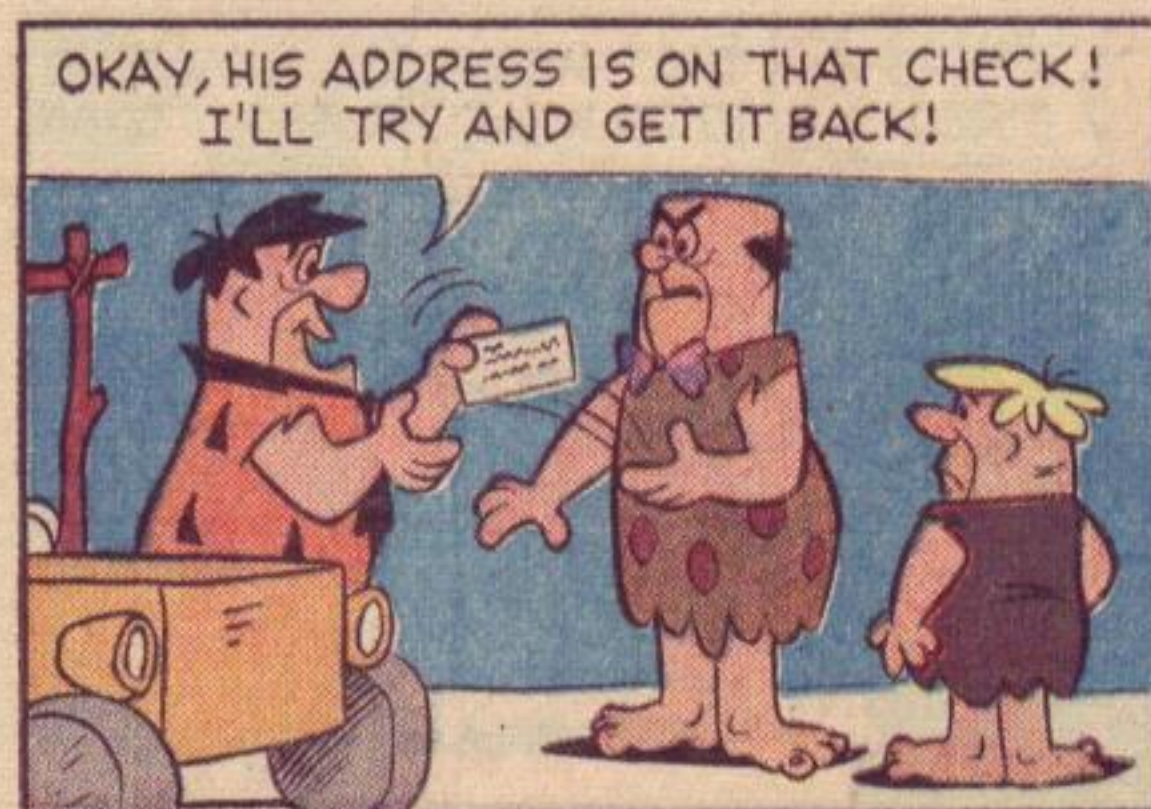
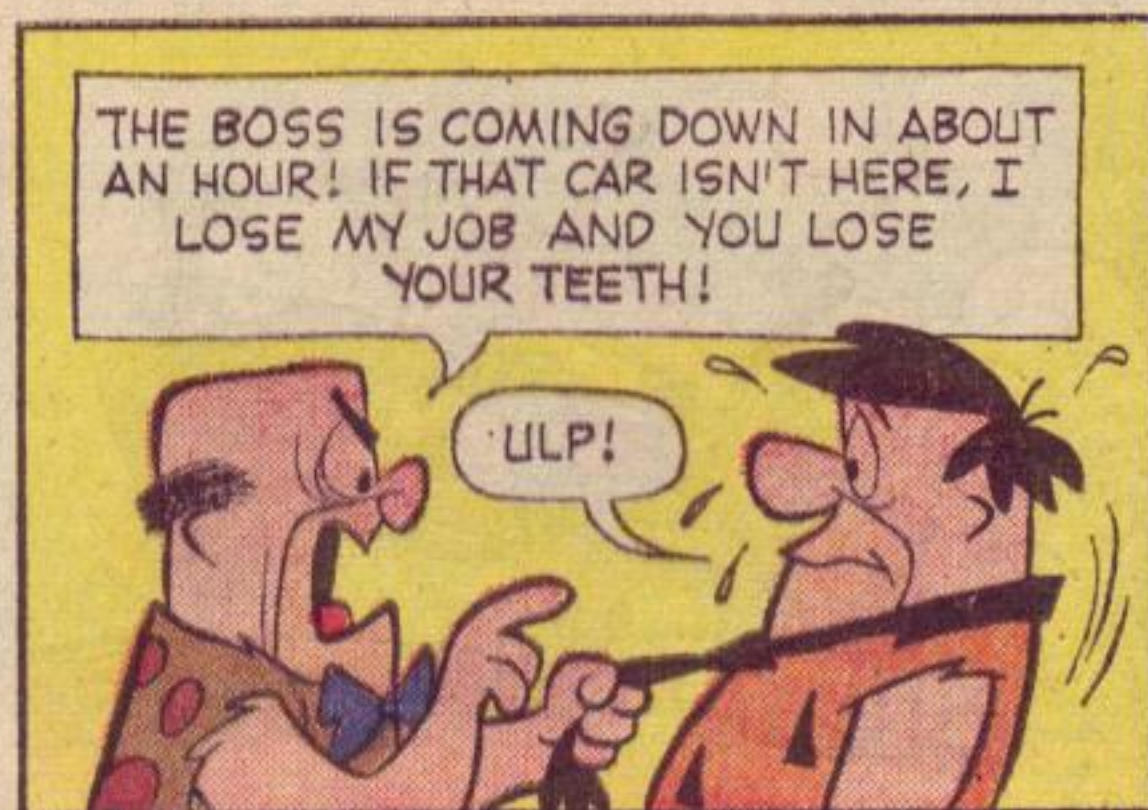
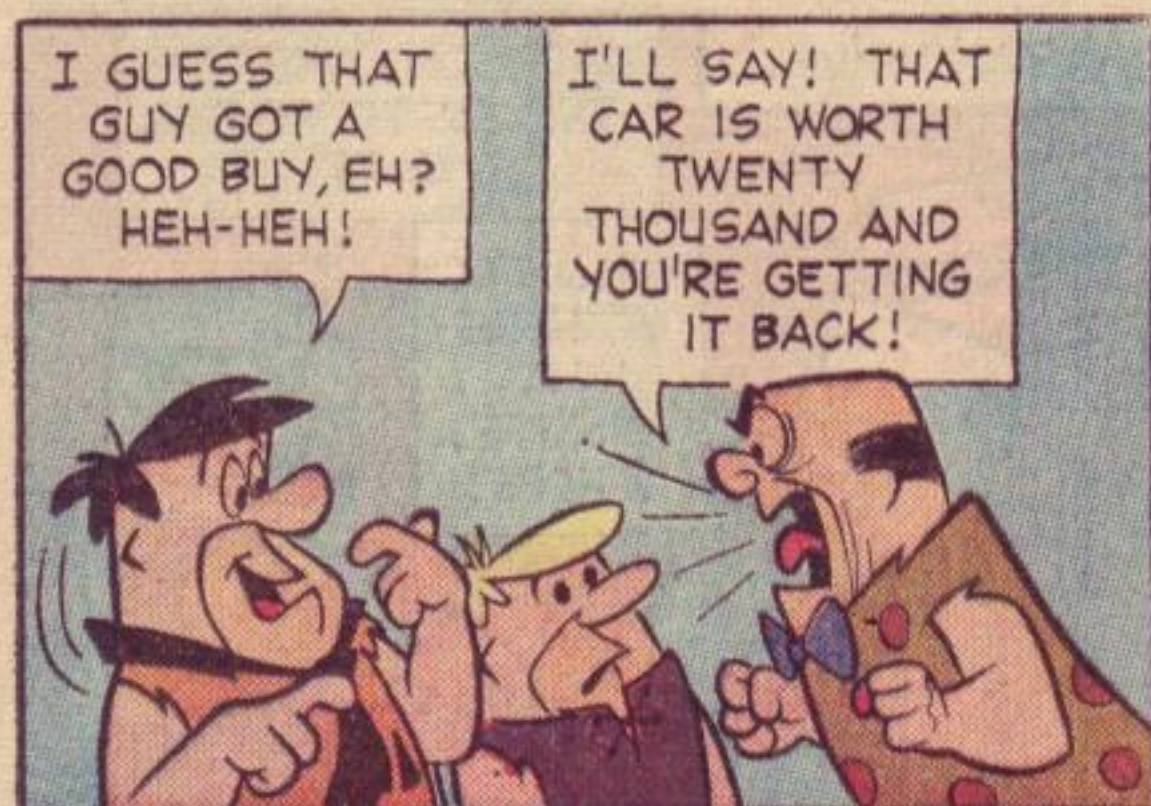
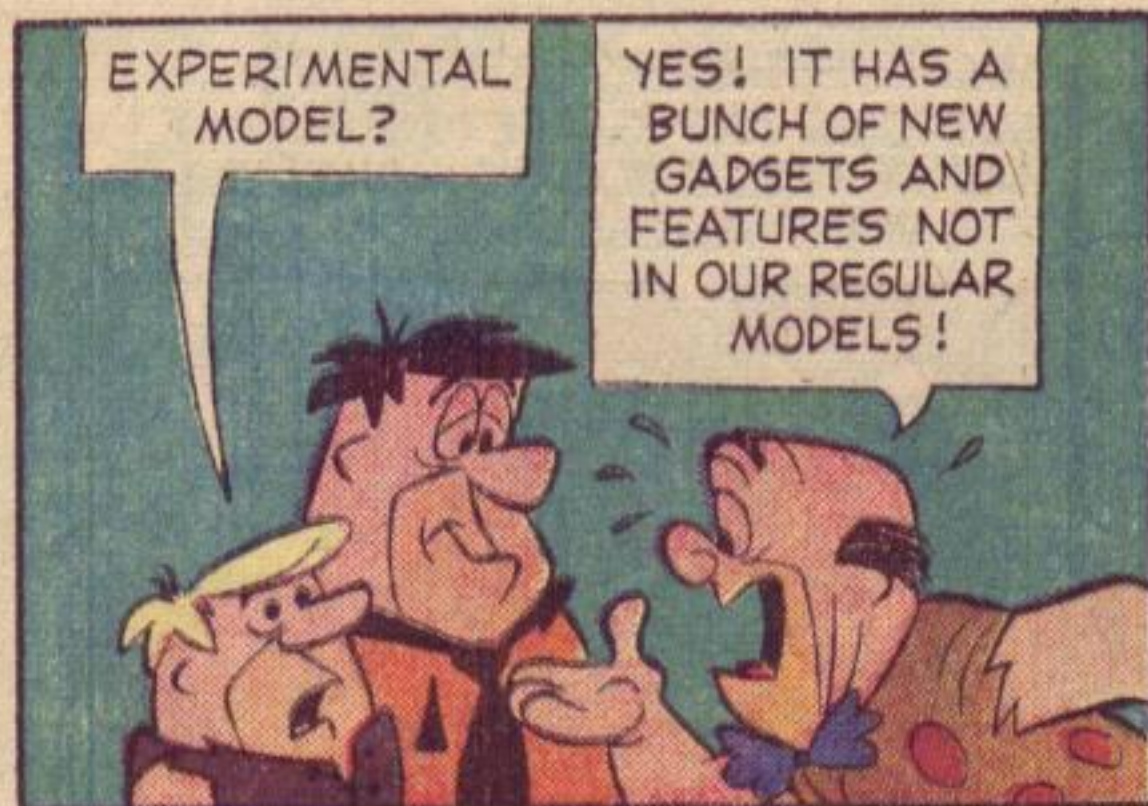
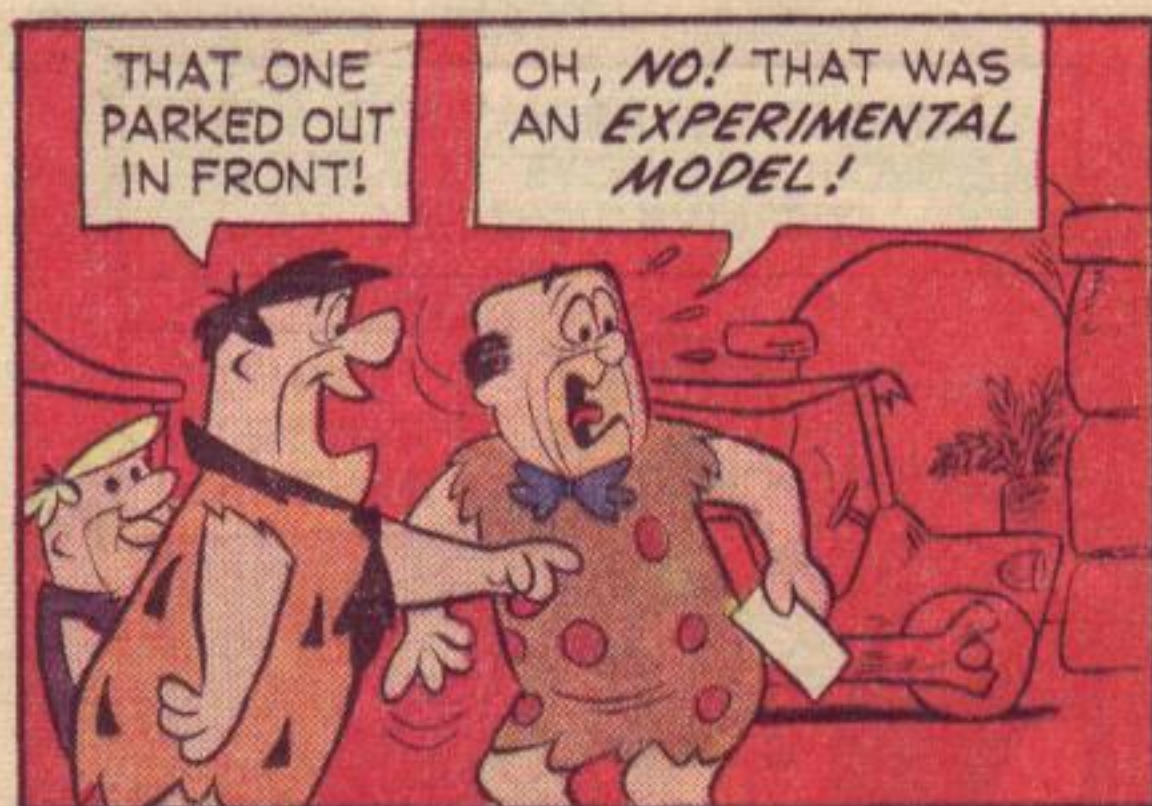


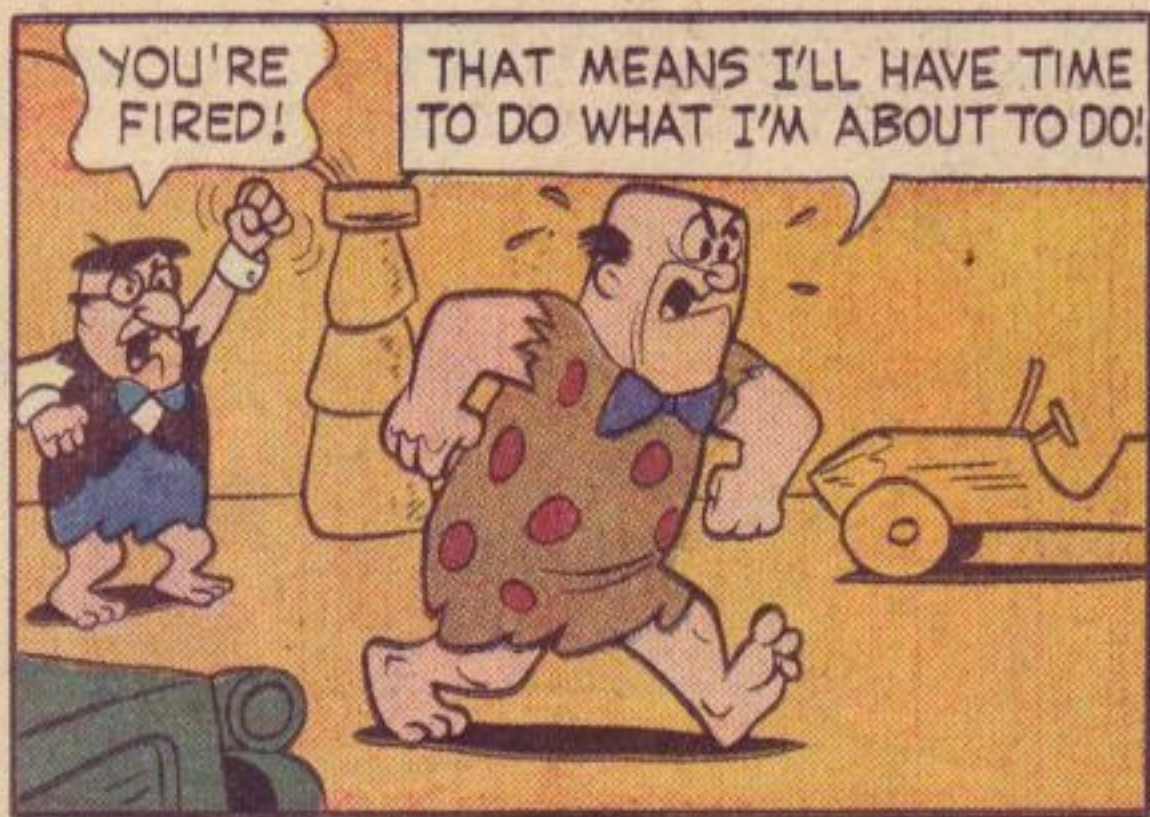
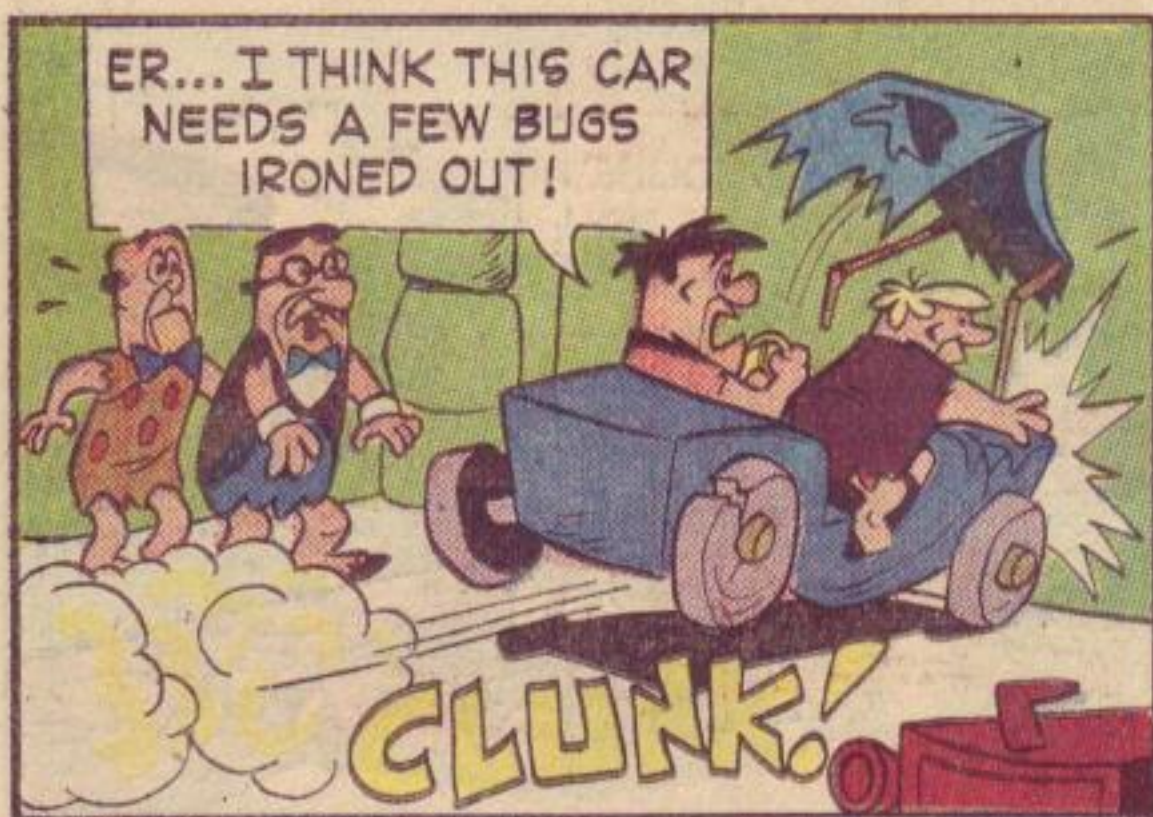
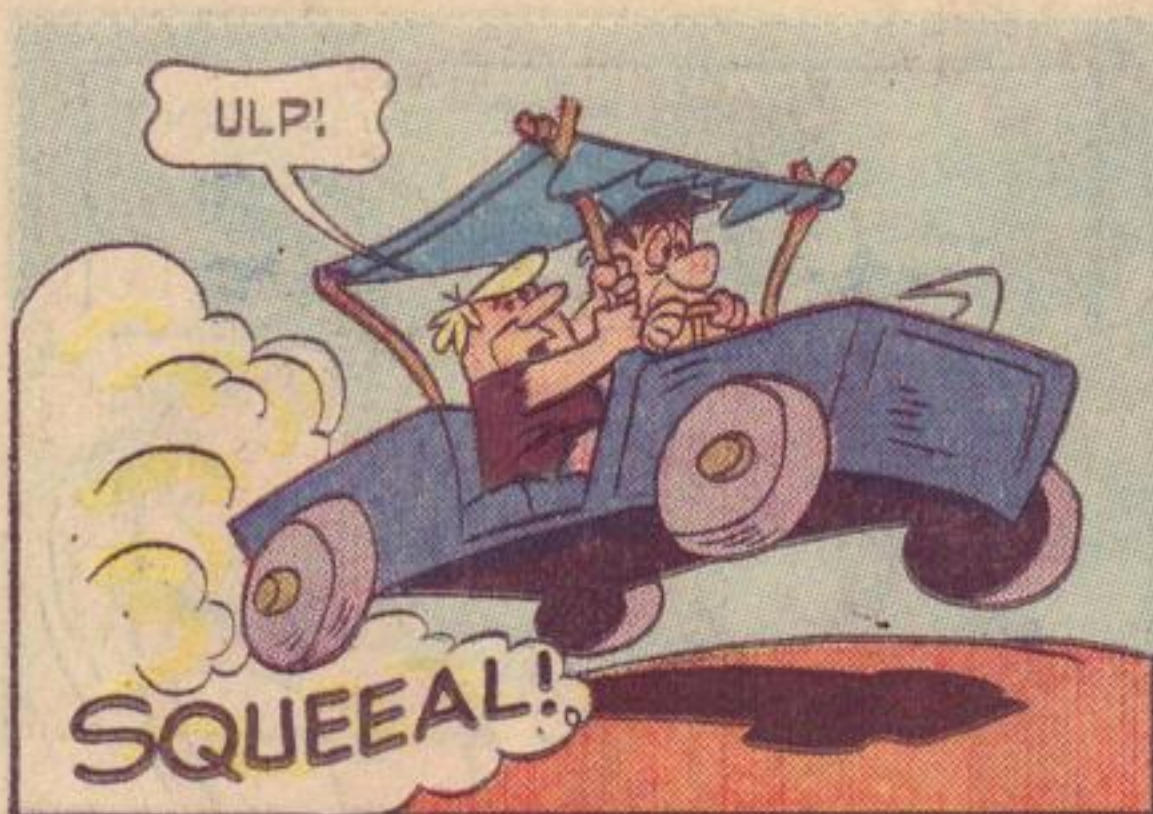
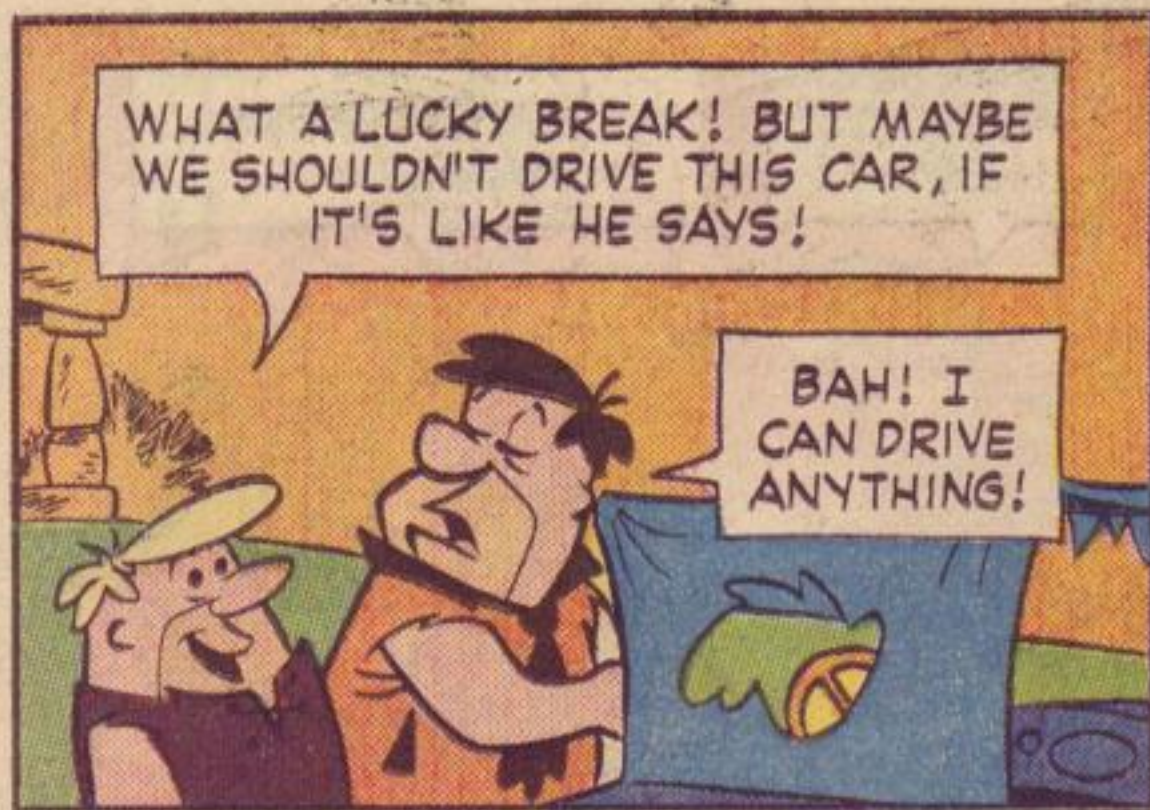
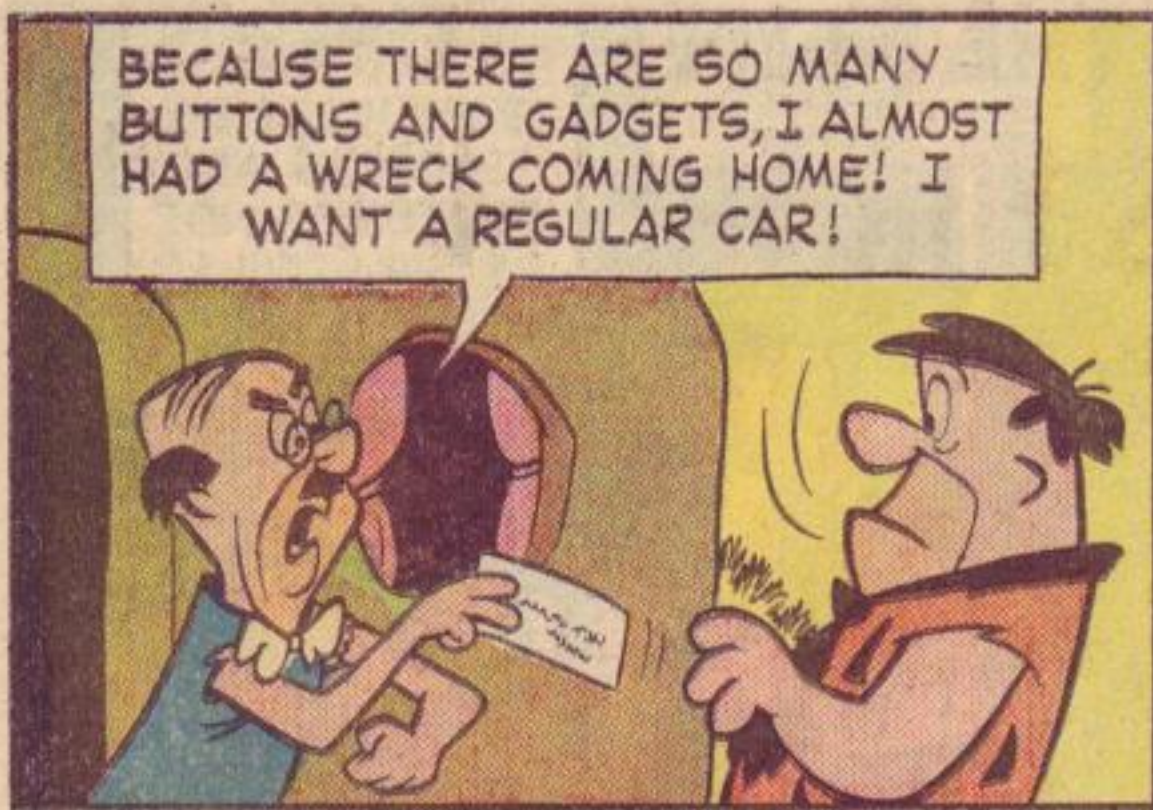
Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
MODEL SALESMAN



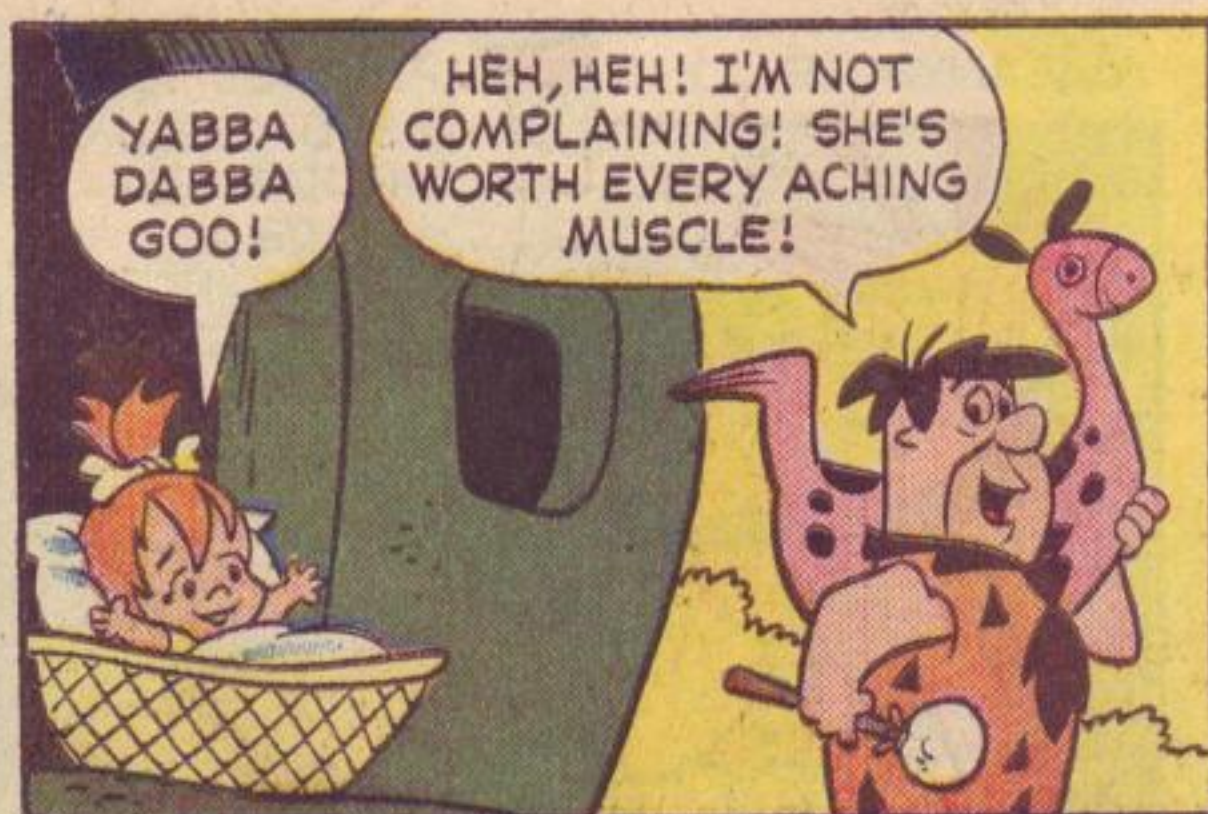
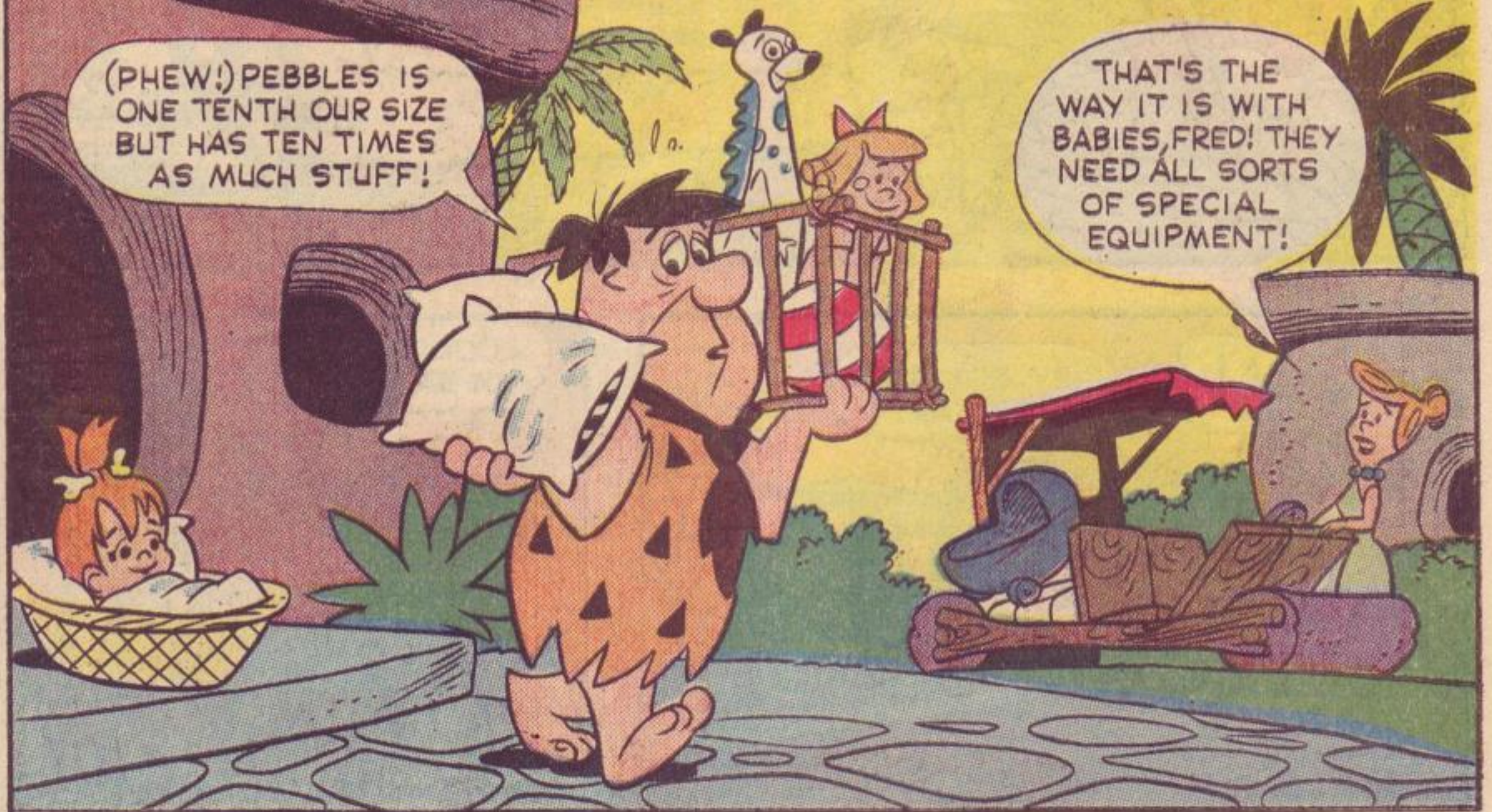


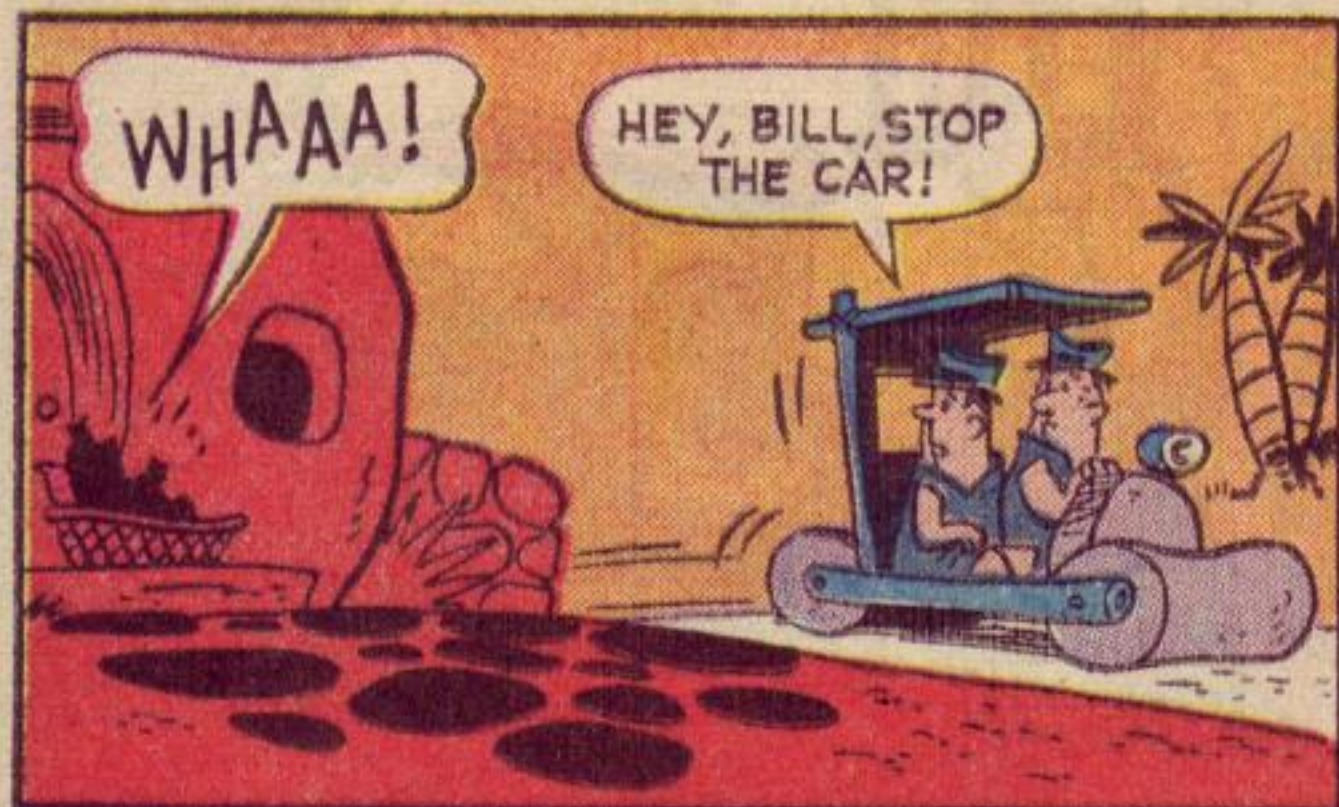
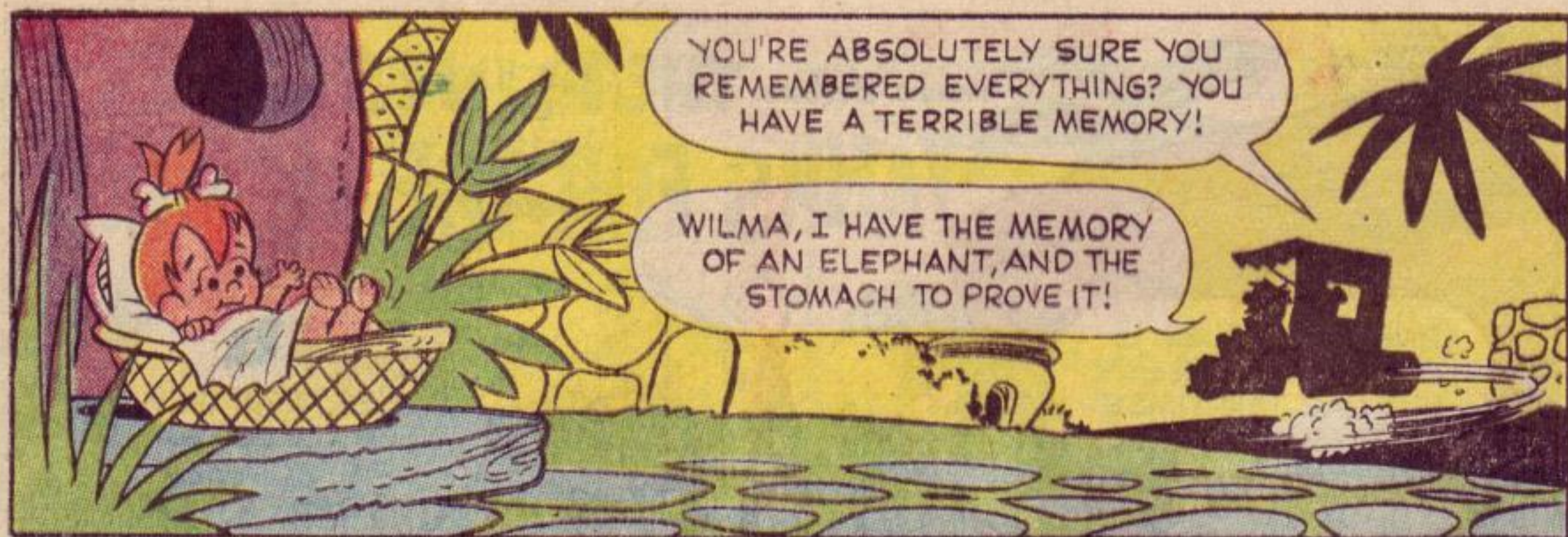


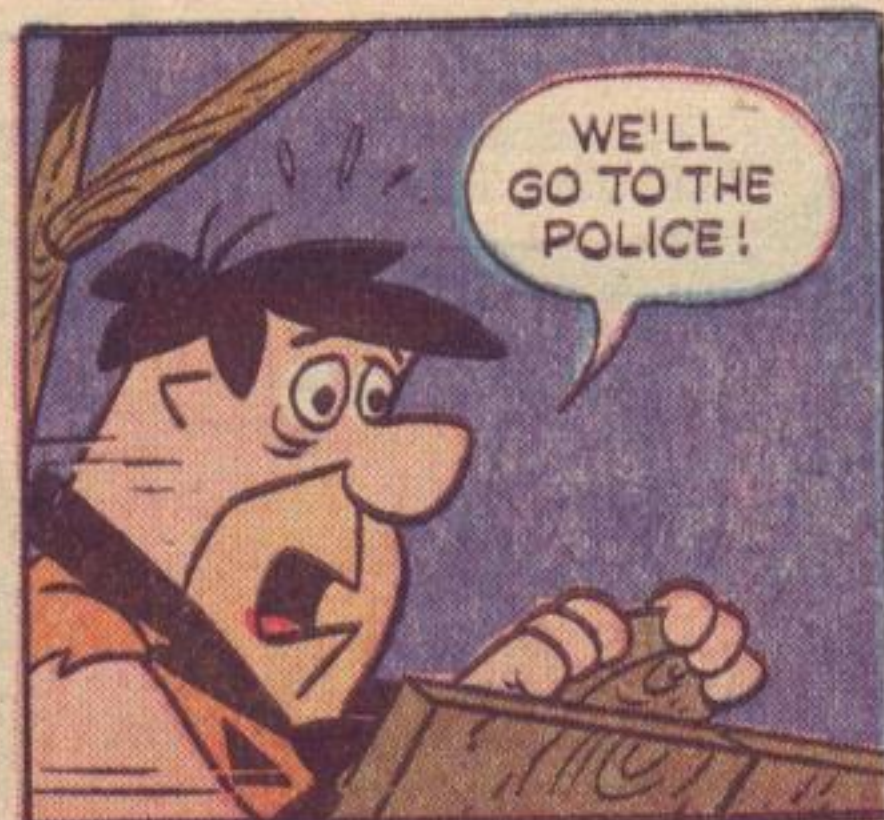
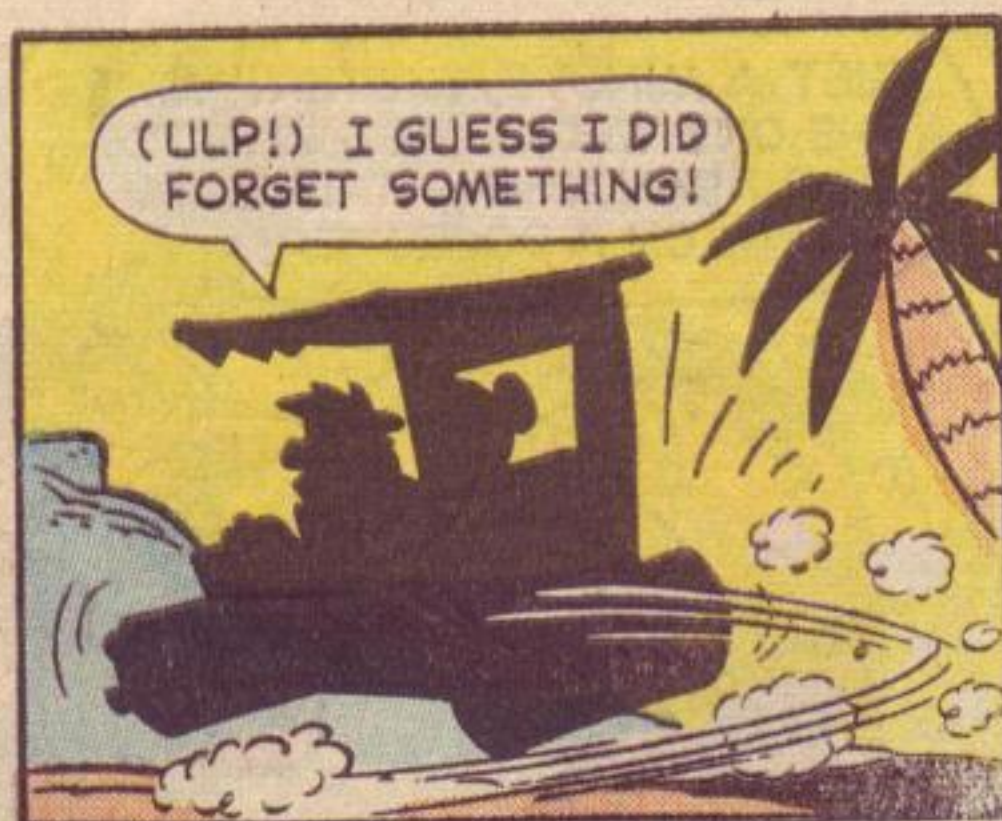
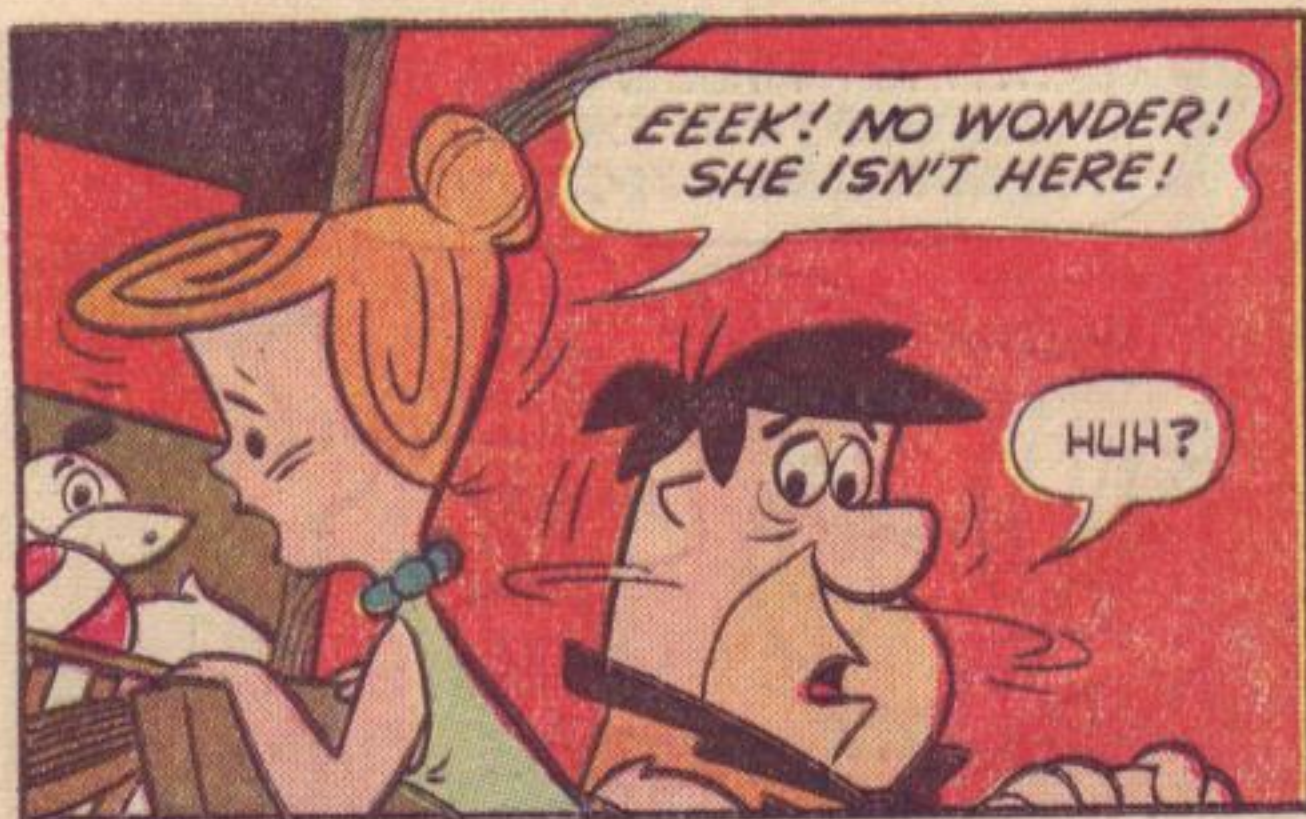




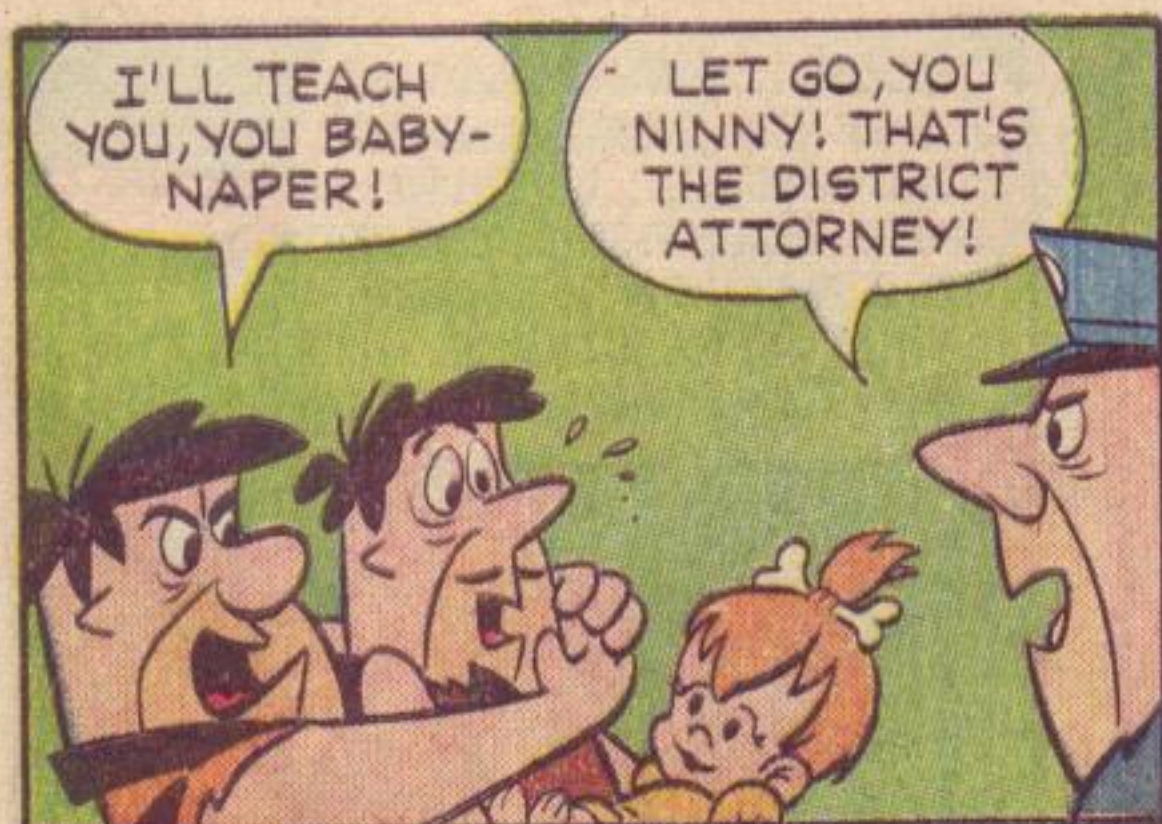
Hanna-Barbera **THE FLINTSTONES**
YANKS FOR THE MEMORY







SPLIT SECONDS LATER...



JUST A MINUTE, BUSTER! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL BE ARRESTED FOR ABANDONING THIS CHILD ON A DOORSTEP!



ER... IT IS MY HUSBAND'S FAULT, BUT I CAN EXPLAIN! THAT WAS OUR OWN DOORSTEP!



UH-HUH! TWENTY-EIGHT STONE DRIVE! HE WAS PACKING UP THE CAR, AND HE FORGOT HER!



I DON'T THINK ANYBODY COULD BE *THAT* DUMB!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



AFTER A BRIEF EXAMINATION...



THANKS A LOT! CAN I GO NOW?



YOUR HUSBAND HAS A BAD CASE OF MEMORY CRUMBUMUS! UNTIL HE DOES SOMETHING ABOUT IT, I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM TO REMEMBER ANYTHING IMPORTANT!



